MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

SALT AS A WEED DESTROYER.

WEEDS are said to be robbers of the soil, taking that which was not designed for them, but for more useful plants. But, like other robbers, they do little mischief, if closely watched, and the proper means is taken to prevent their pilferings. Indeed, weeds are not an unmitigated evil, for did they not grow, and make plowing, and cultivation, and hoeing, absolutely necessary, we fear our corn, potatoes, and all of our "hoed crops," would suffer for want of necessary culture; and the loss from this cause, especially in a dry season, would be far greater than it now is from foul weeds. While saying so much for the weeds, it must be admitted that there are some varieties so tenacious of life, and with such abundant means of propagation by the roots, that they are perfect pests, and among them there are the Couch Grass, Canada Thistle, &c. Almost every week some afflicted tiller of the soil applies to us for a sure and easy method of effecting their eradication. But we know of no easy process, for the price of success we have found to be the same as that which patriots declare to be the price of liberty, "eternal vigilance." Occasionally we have received accounts of partial success by the use of salt, while with others, perhaps from the use of too large a quantity, or an improper mode of applying, the remedy has been found as bad as the disease. Salt, in large quantities, will destroy almost all vegetation. There are only a few of our cultivated vegetables, such as Asparagus, that will endure its liberal application.

A late English paper contains an account of experiments by a practical farmer in the use of salt for the destruction of Couch Grass and other weeds, which were eminently successful, the salt not only proving effectual in killing weeds, but materially lessening insect depredators, and greatly increasing the crop of roots. We give the most important part of the report, to which we invite the especial attention of our readers. If such great benefits are to be derived from the use of salt, American farmers cannot learn the fact too soon:

"Some years ago, being troubled on my grass land with a weed which I could not eradicate by mechanical means, I sowed a heavy dose of salt, and at once effected the object. A season or two back, it struck me that if the experience was worth anything, it should teach me a quick way to rid my land of weeds generally—the arable land, I mean. The consequence was that when the autumn arrived, the fields that were intended for fallow, received a very heavy coat of salt—coarse-grained, agricultural salt; which is, in fact, the sweepings from the salt works, and the refuse of the pans. The quantity sowed was 12 cwt. per acre. The winter which followed was a severe one, and, in connection with the frost, the chemical action of the salt upon the soil was charming to the eye, which delights in the sight of a beautiful friable mold, in place of a churlish, unkindly clay, which usually resists the expansive and disintegrating glacial influence of winter. The field, too, on which the experiment was tried had long possessed a reputation for Couch Grass, and that particular species of it known as Water Grass, the most hopeless and troublesome of all. The hoe would not kill it, the twitch rake would not gather it, and the children, in seeking it upon the surface after the harrows had left it exposed, usually secured half of it, and stamped the rest into the soil to perpetuate the kind. This Water Grass, then, which the hoe would not kill, which the rakes could not collect, nor the children pick off, was quietly disposed of, never more to trouble me, while it lay at its winter repose. The salt had slain the thief of my profits, noiselessly as the ferret sucks the life blood from the rabbit in its retreat; and when the first spring furrow was turned, the view of the shrivelled enemy—the enemy which had baffled all my ingenuity and kept my exchequer low—was cheering indeed. One length after another of the sinuous, wiry weed, was examined, but there was no sign of life; not even at that critical point, the knot, could I detect, by means of the microscope, any indication of vitality. The "foal's foot," which runs down far into the substratum, were many of them dead, though not all. In looking for the buttercup roots, also, scarcely any were to be found; and glad I was, for bother enough they had been to me.

"The land then received one or two furrows to incorporate the salt thoroughly, and diffuse its power beneficially, so that it might invigorate everywhere, and yet not remain in sufficient force in any one place to endanger the seed which followed.

"At the proper season, and without any other preparation, the Mangel seed was sown, and speedily vegetated. There were but few weeks to hoe, for the salt had attacked the principal of vitality in the seed of the annual, as it lay secreted in the clod, as well as that of the Couch Grass, and the Mangels grew without let or hinderance to be a finer crop than ever before flourished upon the same plot of land. The foliage was thoroughly vigorous, and the bulbs were remarkably well matured and sound. The weight per acre reached 25 tuns, when before the maximum had been 20 tuns—by the aid of several loads of dung and an immense amount of labor.

"The following year, upon a field of the same character, I tried the same experiment, varying the course of management in some degree. I applied, in October, 12 cwt. of salt, upon the upturned and weedy surface of that land destined for the root crop, and allowed it there to lie and do its silent work as before, until, in February, the soil was dry enough to allow of being worked. As in the first instance, the result perfectly justified the means. Together with the frosts of winter, the salt had performed wonders in breaking down the stubborn clods and compressed, livery furrow slices. The soil was reduced to powder, and the weeds were generally dead, so that the Mangel, which was planted in a finely pulverized seed bed, had nothing to do but to grow without the rivalry of weeds—neither shaded by them from the sun, nor robbed by them of the nourishment purposely stored for their use. I said, however, that I introduced some change into my practice this second time. The change was as follows: Just after the last furrow was turned, I sowed 4 cwt. more salt, which I harrowed in before the seed was dibbled. The result proved the wisdom of the addition, I have reason to think—for the weeds were even fewer, the foliage of the Mangel was finer, and the bulbs were larger than in the former case, where the application of salt was merely made in the autumn.

"It strikes me that our Mangels are freed also from another enemy by the use of salt. I mean insects. Slugs and wire worm, both very destructive during certain seasons, are certainly banished by salt, if not killed."

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

SALUTATORY.

THE undersigned having been formally introduced to the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, begs leave to say that it will be his effort to contribute what he may to their profit and pleasure by careful pen photographs of Farm Life, (and co-operative interests,) in the North-West, as he may be able to see it. It may be proper to announce that he has engaged the services of his intimate friend and companion, LEAD PENCIL, Esq., who will travel with and assist him. It will enable him the better to accomplish the work allotted him by the Conductor of this paper, if its readers in the North-West will take the trouble to notify him of the times and places of holding Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibitions, Stock Sales, Market Fairs, Implement Trials, or other industrial gatherings. Any such information, addressed to him at P. O. Box 3907, Chicago, Illinois, will be duly acknowledged and appreciated.

Most Respectfully,
CHAS. D. BRAGDON.

CIRCULATING MEDIUMS.

HOMER says the armor of DIOMEDE cost nine oxen; the cowries of the Africans supplied their wants in all matters of exchange, albeit they were only the small white sea shells from the shore; the glittering baubles of civilization possess a value to the savage which gold does not, and become with him a circulating medium. Iron, brass, and copper have each, at different periods in the world's history, and in different countries, been the exclusive medium of exchange—the representatives of fixed values. Gold and silver are now recognized in all civilized countries as circulating mediums, whereby exchanges are effected with great facility. These different metals, with their relative fixed values, are the only legitimate and reliable base upon which exchanges can be safely made.

It is true that any substance, even paper, may be made a circulating medium *if consent is universal*, and its value in our locality is uniformly recognized in all others. But the moment it is distrusted in one locality it is depreciated in all. If, however, paper *represents* a certain value in gold or silver, there will be no fluctuation in its value as a circulating medium beyond the cost of converting it *into* gold or silver, which will, of course, depend upon the distance from the place of redemption and cost of transportation. But if paper as a circulating medium represents only the *indebtedness* of certain parties to certain other parties, or the face of their bills payable, its value will fluctuate in proportion to the known ability or willingness of these first parties to meet the demands against them, as indicated by the amount of gold or silver they will buy when put in market.

Such is precisely the condition of Illinois and Wisconsin currency—such the base of its value, and of course such are the causes of its fluctuation and present prostration as a circulating medium. The parties upon whose *indebtedness* its value is based have either repudiated, or are expected to repudiate, their debts, or their ability to pay them is doubted. The value of a bill receivable is dependent entirely upon the ability of the maker to pay, or upon the amount that can be collected on it of him.

The prostration of our currency, therefore, is only the operation of what may be called a *natural* financial law. And there is no more hope that it will ever again be recognized as a circulating medium; but it will be bought and sold as any other commodity is bought with and sold for specie or *its* representative.

Illinois currency is already in this position—the whole of it. Our only circulating medium now is specie or its representative paper. Of course the withdrawal of so much money that has been recognized as representing fixed values, at this time, has prostrated but not paralyzed business. With less to sell that *must be consumed*, and with our food to buy, such a blow as secession has given to our currency would have bankrupted us. As it is, it will in the end benefit us, and now puts us to comparatively little inconvenience. Gold and silver, and bills of specie paying banks, are becoming more plenty. Great caution should be observed, however, in accepting Eastern money; for it is in no wise probable that the *best* money will be sent hither; and the Western reader is hereby cautioned to look out that he receives no "Stumptail" from any Eastern locality.

Wisconsin currency is secured (?) with indebtedness instead of specie, and is, of course, subject to the same disasters which have befallen Illinois currency.* Great effort is being made to sustain a certain list of Wisconsin banks until the first of December next, when if the people approve, a new law will go into effect, making it the duty of all banks to redeem their circulation in Milwaukee or Madison at three-fourths of one per cent. discount; to have a *bona fide* cash capital of at least $15,000; in *all* cases an amount equal to one-third of its circulation before it issue any more; the comptroller is prohibited from issuing circulation for more than ninety per cent. of the average value of stocks, (which must be United States or Wisconsin;) and the stockholders of a bank are made liable for its debts six months after any transfer.

But what about the currency in use in Wisconsin to-day? Should farmers receive it at par for their products? It is being so received. An association of bankers throughout the State, the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Association, have guarantied to receive it at par until the first of December. The securities of the circulation of the banks so guarantied, (which is $2,004,540,) are as follows:

United States Stocks	$ 112,100
Wisconsin Stocks and Bonds	105,000
Illinois Stocks	381,500
Stocks of other Northern States	648,100
Specie	23,623
Total	$1,270,325
Missouri Stocks	$ 517,000
Kentucky Stocks	14,000
Seceded States Stocks	742,000
Total Southern Stocks	$1,273,000

With this exhibit it seems hardly necessary to say that neither precedent nor good policy advise implicit faith in the agreement and effort of the Wisconsin bankers and other associations to sustain it. Already some of the banks included in this favored list, have closed their doors. It is a significant fact that a business based upon fictitious values has always proved disastrous to all parties concerned. The writer can see nothing to be gained by the Wisconsin farmer if he sells his produce for this currency, receiving it at from ten to fifty per cent. more than it is actually worth to exchange for gold, even although he does get, nominally, a trifle more for his grain than he would receive in specie. He should remember that it is safe to *keep* specie, but is far from safe to keep such currency. This much has been written because the industrial, the *producing* population, possess the power, if they choose to exert it, to drive out and consign to perdition these Wild Cat representatives and tools of a class of men who gain much and suffer little by their use. And the people *lose, always*, by handling such stuff; by receiving it in exchange for their labor. It is safe and sound to advise that it be let alone, or be received at its value if converted at once into specie; and if so received it is safer, these days, to convert it into specie at once.

—But more on this subject, as needed.

THE ARMY WORM.

What is it? We are glad to see this question asked. It was asked us, by a member of the State Board of Agriculture—"Have you ever seen this "Army Worm, about which so much is said, B"? "I think I have." "Well, what is it like"? It is humiliating to confess that we did not like, as an editor, to acknowledge that there was anything in Illinois that we had not seen. Hence we were at once impaled by the last question of our friend, and were forced to acknowledge that it was *so long ago (!)* we could not remember how it *did* look; and we internally resolved never to say we had seen a thing again, with so indistinct a remembrance of the outline, color, &c., of *the* thing.

Determined to find out something which would render us intelligent on the subject of the Army Worm, we at once sought out our eminent friend, the highly accomplished Entomologist, STUMBLEBUGGER. There was a peculiar dignity and grace expended in our reception. We were not long in broaching the subject, and popping the question.

"What *is* the Army Worm, Professor?—have *you* ever seen it?"

After firing the charge, we sank back to watch the effect.

"Oh yes,—cer-tain-ly I have seen the *Army* Worm," and he nervously jerked one of the six hairs on his chin, deliberately pressed his heart, inside his waistcoat, with his right hand, rolled up his eyes, threw his head back, and with his left forefinger and thumb gently jostled his head in the mountainous region called memory. It was plain there would be a tremendous result, after such an impressive effort—and there *was!*

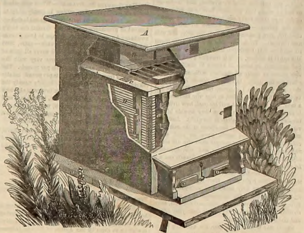
"Centipede!" he exclaimed, "I have it; the Army Worm is a centipede!"

"Thank you, sir; shall now be able to learn more about it; good day, sir," and we at once retired to study the order Myriapoda. But we need not assert to the intelligent reader, that we did not find anything in the least bearing upon the "Army Worm" under that order. We made up our mind that for once our distinguished friend was mistaken; and indeed he has seemed abstracted ever since—does not appear to be thinking of or noticing sublunary things when we meet him in the street.

But what *is* the Army Worm? The writer has at last looked upon him—in his active eating condition, after he had gorged himself with food, and had buried himself in the ground, and in the condition of a mahogany, or brown or chestnut colored chrysalid. There can be little doubt that it is a species of Agrotis. The time of their appearance, their size, length, color, habits of eating, the manner in which they disappear, and the chrysalid form in which they are found immediately after their disappearance, render it a moral certainty that they are cut worms—not a *described* species in the books, but closely related. Although they seem to have appeared and ravaged portions of this State at different periods during the last quarter of a century, (for so old settlers tell us), they have not attracted the attention of our naturalists—at least our agricultural publications do not afford us any description of the perfect insect. It is doubted if it is *known* precisely what the insect is. Before another year the matter will be decided. It is asserted by some that the moths of which this larvæ is the product, appear in the spring, in the south part of the State. This we regard doubtful, unless there are two broods each year.

This worm is about one inch and a quarter in length when full grown. It has 16 legs, is round—cigar shaped—striped longitudinally, as follows: A broad dark gray stripe extends and covers the entire length of the back, the center of the stripe being almost black, gradually becoming lighter on either edge and terminating in a well defined narrow black stripe with a white edge below; then a reddish gray stripe, then another black stripe; another reddish-gray stripe, which terminates just above the legs. The belly below this stripe is a greenish, sometimes yellowish, gray. The head is a light tawny color—sometimes a yellowish green shade is seen. The head is marked with two dark lines, which nearly or quite unite in the center of the head, and diverge from each other like a letter X, both toward the mouth and behind. There are but few hairs over the body. Their color varies according to the condition of their growth and the character of the food. With the foregoing description we think they may be recognized. It is not critical, as it is the result of a few moments' observation to-day (June 17). The chrysalid, which form these worms seem quickly to assume after they are done feeding, is of a mahogany color, in some cases darker than in others. The worms appear to descend into the ground at once after becoming gorged with food, and in fields, where they have disappeared, the ground is full of their burrows and chrysalid remains. The best way discovered, to confine them, is to plow or dig deep trenches with perpendicular sides, made as smooth as possible, or plow them under deep as soon as they appear.

We have stated above that they seem to be old acquaintances of many of the farmers in the central and southern part of the State. That they have been known further north ten or eleven years, we have the following recorded evidence. In the Michigan Farmer for August, 1849, we find the following statement of their appearance in Michigan, on Black river, near Port Huron, in enormous numbers:—"The terrific army marched in solid phalanx through field after field, destroying everything which came in their way. Messrs. J. & J. BEARD expected to harvest from three thousand to five thousand bushels of oats, and now they will not harvest a bushel. One tenant on the east side of the river was driven from his house; they were only able to save their



IDE'S IMPROVED STRAW-LINED BEE-HIVE.

AT a time when Bee Culture is becoming increasingly popular, the above representation and annexed description of an Improved Straw-Lined Hive, recently patented by Mr. SAMUEL IDE, of East Shelby, Orleans Co., N. Y., will prove interesting to a large number of our readers. An examination of this hive, together with the testimony of eminent bee-keepers as to its value, assure us that it is well adapted to the main purpose intended—the protection of bees from cold and moisture during winter. Mr. IDE informs us that over one hundred swarms were safely kept in this style of hive last winter, in his own neighborhood—not one of them being injured by the severe weather. The improvement is thus described in the Scientific American of the 15th ult.:

"Bees, as is well known to apiarists, keep themselves warm in winter by collecting together in a mass within the hive, the animal heat being sufficient for the purpose. The moisture exhaled by the insects condenses in ill-ventilated hives, and if the hives are thin and not protected from the cold, the moisture frequently freezes, killing the bees. If the hives are well protected from the cold, if they are not well ventilated, the moisture collects, engendering disease among the bees and causing the comb to mold. To obviate these evils is the object of the invention here illustrated.

"It consists essentially of a lining of straw between the walls of the hive and the comb frames. *A* represents the body of the hive, provided, as usual, with spare honey boxes, *B*, placed above the comb frames *C*. Between the comb frames, *C*, and the external walls of the hive, there is a space all around the hive in which straw, *D*, is placed horizontally, so as to form a series of tubes, spaces being allowed both at the inner and outer sides of the straw, to admit of a circulation of air at each side of the straw as well as through it. Strips, *a*, with notches, as shown, allow the air to circulate freely between the straw lining and the outer walls of the hive.

"The hive is perforated, as shown at *c c c c*. These holes are covered with wire cloth, and serve as ventilators.

"The straw, being naturally an absorbent, will imbibe the moisture from the interior of the hive, and this moisture will be carried off by the air circulating through and around the straw. The straw, being also a slow conductor of heat, will keep the hive warm. Thus, by this arrangement, the bees are kept dry, warm and healthy."

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own dwelling, which is on the west side of the river, from being invaded, by standing upon the bridge and sweeping them into the river as they advanced!"

On page 315 of the October number of the same paper, the same year, a writer in Kent Co., Mich., says the farmers in that county had been greatly troubled with the "Army Worm," and asks, "What is it?" But we can find no recorded attempt to answer the question, and no answer until the intelligent effort of the learned Stumblebugger.

The RURAL has many readers in Michigan; can no information be obtained from that source?

P. S.—June 20th. Since writing the foregoing, we notice that Entomologist THOMAS of this State, in a communication in the Prairie Farmer to-day, confirms most of the above positions.

HOW TO KEEP COOL,

I WAS much pleased with a prescription in the last RURAL — it was not for diseased horses, or cattle, or sheep — but for the farmer himself, teaching him how to keep cool by avoiding causes of irritation. Of the value of this prescription, I can bear full testimony from long observation. It is almost impossible for a farmer to keep entire control of his feelings when things are going wrong,— and especially when he feels that he might have acted so as to secure a different result. When the weeds are growing taller than the corn, which should have been hoed a week ago, when the grass is ripening and becoming like sticks, the potatoes need cultivating, and the fences so bad in places that the cattle have to be driven out of the corn about every day, and the chickens scratch up the garden,— who can endure all this and be cheerful, give pleasant answers to the help, and wife and children. To be sure one is occasionally found so used to this confusion that he seems unmoved. His spirit is broken, and his energies gone, if he ever had any, and he seems to expect to shuffle through this world as easily as possible, without one noble effort for the right. In such the disease is chronic— they are past cure, I suppose, because they are not aware of the disease. But, to him who designs to be a man, and wishes to act well his part, how irritating is such a state of things— how they trouble him in the day and disturb his sleep in the night. And even when the season is over, the effects of the summer's storm leave their sad marks upon the soul, while reflections upon the past irritate anew the old sores, and cause unpleasant feelings and corresponding actions in the farmer, for which his friends can see no cause.

The remedy for this great evil is to do everything right and at the right time. Have the satisfaction of knowing that you have acted well your part — done all that you could in the circumstances in which you were placed, and you will be calm and cheerful, even should Providence not always smile upon your efforts and make them successful.

But, it may be said some men are naturally irritable, and no circumstances will make them otherwise. While admitting that there is a difference in disposition, I have often observed that what we call disposition is the result of our conduct. Let a young man commence farming for himself, without having formed proper habits of order, and his work is soon in confusion. If ambitious and anxious to succeed, he becomes irritable, displeased with himself and every one else. This continued for a few years, and he is a spoiled man. If destitute of energy, he becomes discouraged, lazy and shiftless. But, if possessed of sufficient energy, with love of system, and the habits of order well established, he fights manfully for success, soon conquers all obstacles — is pleased with his success — perhaps a little proud — thinks well of himself and every one else, and becomes a cheerful, successful farmer.

The remedy for this great evil, which is making so many unhappy, is suggested in the RURAL of the 29th ult., and to it I call the especial attention of brother farmers. AGRICOLA.

ABOUT HOP GROWING.—NO. II.

GRUBBING HOPS is usually done early in the spring, by means of a strong hook having two or four tines, with which the ground must be raked to within about two feet of the "bed roots." All long runners that are caught up by the hook must be cut off. The roots that are grubbed can then be sold to plant new yards. Some hop growers contend that if the roots are planted in a perpendicular instead of a horizontal position, fewer runners will be thrown out by the "bed roots," and of course less work will be required in grubbing. Many are now adopting this plan of planting. It will be observed that it makes no difference which end of the root is placed uppermost in planting, as *either* one of the two joints (in a piece) planted will always produce roots and the other tops. After poling, grubbing and plowing, when the vines have attained an elevation of two or three feet, select for each pole two of the strongest and most thrifty vines in the hills; train to the poles by tying lightly with woolen or cotton yarn. This tying process must be repeated as often as the vines fall away from the pole; the remaining vines must then be cut away, excepting two or three to train to the poles in case those already trained become injured. At the first hoeing all the remaining vines must be trimmed away. Soon after hilling, all leaves and arms should be trimmed from the vines up to about six feet from the ground.

HOP PICKING.— This is the most busy time of the hop grower's year. Such quantities of help — such work — such fun — such appetites as belong to "hop pickers," compel every grower to organize a "provisional" government, and to see that the commissariat is well supplied. Picking is usually commenced the last week in August, by females, at from 20 to 25 cents per box of ten bushels. The boxes are made 9 feet in length, 3 feet in width, and 2 feet in depth, with center partitions each way and standards 3 feet in height above the box, fastened at the ends, on which to lay the "lug pole." At each small box a "picker" is stationed, and at each large box a "tender." A box-tender's business is to pull the poles, lay them on the "lug pole," cut the vines from the pole, lay them on the apron, and pile the poles. In picking, not more than three hops should be allowed to adhere to the same vine. The smaller leaves may be picked with the hops. When picking, the vines must be cut about six feet from the ground.

DRYING, PRESSING, &C.— Of dry-houses or kilns there are various kinds — round, octagonal, and rectangular. The round and octagons are built of brick or stone, and possess some, though not any essential, advantages over those built of wood. For a four acre yard, one built of wood, after the following plan, would answer every requisite: Building, 36x24; partition in the center, which gives a kiln 24x18, and a storage room (overhead) of like dimensions. The kiln part should have no floor, and be not less than 14 feet between joints, laid overhead with sawed sticks 1½ inches square, the same distance apart, and the whole covered with thin cotton cloth. Two stoves with grated bottoms should be placed at the same end of the kiln with the chimney, the heat and smoke being carried once around the kiln by means of pipes and drums. Drying is the most delicate part of hop growing; a little failure in that spoils the season's work.

After the day's picking is finished, the hops are sacked in large sacks made for the purpose, and hauled to the kiln, over which the hops are evenly and lightly spread with a rake. A fire is then started in the stoves, and a steady, strong heat maintained during the night, or until the hops are sufficiently dried, which is indicated by the hops opening so that the top of the hops on the kiln assumes nearly the appearance of feathers. A method of testing is to take a whole hop in the hand by the stem and tap it lightly upon the blow end with the other hand; if it flies in pieces readily the hops are sufficiently dried. When the fires are started, a quantity of salt (about two quarts) is placed upon the stoves; this toughens the hops and preserves them whole. Should the hops be rusty, a quantity of brimstone or alum is placed upon the stoves after three or four fires have been burned. Hops are often transported long distances through various climates, and as almost every error is charged back upon the grower, it is necessary for him to adopt for his motto, "dry thoroughly." After drying they are to be pressed into bales of about 200 pounds each by a strong screw, or by one of the newly invented patent hop presses.

IS HOP GROWING PROFITABLE?— When well raised and well *sold*, yes. Hop selling is nearly akin to lotteries. Prices are so variable and unstable that no amount of prescience can possibly foretell the lucky number. An ordinary crop of hops is 1000 pounds per acre — a good crop, 1,500 pounds — extra, 2000 pounds. Ten cents per pound will cover all costs of cultivation, so the profits of course vary with the crop, and the price above ten cents per pounds. The price varies from two to fifty cents per pound, usually ranging from six to thirty-five. In this county the last crop was sold mostly at from twelve to eighteen cents per pound; a few lucky ones, by waiting, sold for thirty cents per pound, which, with a good crop, gives a clear profit of $300 per acre — a profit not usually realized from ordinary farm operations.

In conclusion, I think any of your correspondents, with a good soil, a good kind of hop roots, good tools and good common sense, would make successful hop growers. W.

Jordanville, Herk. Co., N. Y., June, 1861.

The Bee-Keeper.

True History of Reproduction of the Bee.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:— The following I believe to be the true history of the reproduction of the queen, worker and drone bee. The instinctive law given to them by the Author of Nature, induces the drone and worker to take flight together; in their flight the worker alights upon the back of the drone. If the semen is fully ripe, a slight pressure, by clasping the abdomen with the legs of the worker, will cause the drone to throw out the genitalia, which, by a joint near the end, is bent downward, and passes between the back of the drone and the under side of the abdomen of the worker, and bursts, throwing off semen, which is held by the double barbs at the joint of the genitalia; while the drone immediately expires and falls to the ground, accompanied by the worker, who takes up the semen and conveys it to the appropriate cells in their hives, for the purpose of impregnating the embryo worker larva in royal cells and fecundating the ovary of the immature queens, in order that they may give life to their drone progeny. She then comes forth fully prepared to lay eggs that will produce drones only. Thus the queens are reproduced. The workers are produced in the following manner: The young queen, on becoming established over a colony, soon flies out to have a connection with the drones, and when she finds one, she alights on the back of the drone, clasping the abdomen with her legs and throwing it close to hers; then, with a quick motion, the drone throws out his genitalia, which passes up into her vulner, and conveys the semen into her spermatheca, leaving a part of genitalia in her vulner, and the drone immediately dies; and after her sexual propensities are satisfied, she then becomes fully fertile to impregnate the drone's eggs as they pass her spermatheca on their way out. The eggs so impregnated produce the workers; while from the worker's larva, after being impregnated with the drone's semen, procured, as before stated, by the workers, proceed the queens, which makes the reproduction of bees complete, according to my theory. If any one shall doubt the truth of the above statements, I hope he will have the goodness to make the following experiments, before condemning them as visionary:

Catch a drone in the latter part of the drone season; hold it in your hand until warm; a slight pressure of the abdomen with the finger will cause it to throw out its genitalia, which bursts and throws out semen, showing nature's mechanism. It would be desirable to have a microscopic view of the genital parts, in order to see the designs of the Author of Nature in the pressure of the abdomen of the drone by the legs of queen or worker, and the design of the drones taking the under side in their connection, and the physiology of having a joint in the genitalia which is easily bent down by the worker's abdomen in obtaining semen. The proof of my position is to catch a number of drones, and cause them to give off semen; put them in a box and catch two or three worker bees and put with them, in the manner of hunting wild bees, and they will take up and convey every particle of semen to their hives, knowing that Nature's laws are perfect, in animal mechanism and in all things. E. KIRBY.

Henrietta, June, 1861.

A Fourth of July Exhibition.

ONE of the many remarkable sights here on last Fourth, was Mr. Twining and his Queen bee. He came into our office the day before, with an old plug hat. He had cut two holes in it about midway of the crown — one in front, the other in the back part. Holding the hat in his hand, and turning it over to show that it was empty, he said "you see that this hat is now empty. To-morrow I intend to have a swarm of bees at work in it, making honey, and I intend to wear it on my head with the bees in it!" Sure enough, on the Fourth, as we were going out into the grove, we came across Mr. Twining. He was located under a shady tree, and was exhibiting to an admiring crowd of men and women, his wonderful patent bee hive. On his head was the identical hat that he had shown us the day before. It was literally covered all over with bees, busy at work, going in and out at the two orifices before mentioned. All the spare space in the hat was filled with new comb, that had been made within twelve hours. In his hand he held the Queen bee which he was showing to every one who would venture near enough to gaze on and admire the wonderful little insect. During all this time he was giving an eloquent and instructive lecture on the habits, worth, and care of bees. After listening for some time we left, feeling that what Twining did not know about bees was hardly worth knowing.— *Wabash Gazette of July*, 1860.

How to Strain Honey.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL NEW-YORKER of the 25th ult., I notice the inquiry of A. F., of New Haven, asking how to strain honey, candied in the comb. I will indicate my mode: Box honey, and honey free from bee bread, I put into a tin pan, or other vessel, and place it on a stove, or over the fire, and gradually melt the comb. This will rise on the top, and when cool, I take the wax off. If the honey is badly candied, I add a very little water when I put the comb in. Water may be added sufficient to make the honey as limped as desirable.

If the comb has bee bread in it, I tie the comb up in a cloth, or put it in a bag, and hang it near the fire, so as to melt it, and let the honey drip out. Care should be taken not to squeeze or stir it, as that would cause the bee bread to mix too much with the honey. If the honey is badly candied, after I have dripped out all I can, I add a little water, and melt as in the first instance, and filter the honey after the comb is removed.

Should there be much sediment and bee bread, the whole may be clarified by adding about a teaspoonful of saleratus to a gallon of honey, (after the comb is removed,) and bring it to a boiling heat. The sediment will rise, and may be skimmed off. Milk may be used instead of the saleratus. Water must be added to keep the honey at the consistency wanted. Your representation of an Italian queen is before me. She certainly is not *buggy*, as some other representations have been. I like her. I think, however, the upper ring should be lightener, and the other rings also,—that is, near the upper edge,—to show a perfect Italian Queen. R. C. OTIS.

Bellevue, Ohio, May, 1861.

Bee Moth Trap.

TAKE a wooden bucket or other large open vessel, and fill it about two-thirds with water. Then put in a quantity of old honey-combs, and set the vessel in the apiary, at night, near the hives. The bee moths or millers will be attracted by the strong odor arising from the vessel, and after hovering over it awhile, will drop into the water and be unable to extricate themselves.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

To Free Swine from Vermin.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Southern Planter* says if your hogs are lousy, go to their rubbing place, or what is better, take a rough twelve foot log to the feeding place, and keep it constantly smeared with tar. No spaniel ever loved water better than a lousy hog loves tar, and he applies it himself to the most infested spots on his body, so effectually that the lice speedily disappear. I have seen 95 out of 96 hogs smear themselves with tar in less than thirty minutes after they had access to it; and not one had ever known its use before.

A Word to Milkers.

THE sage of the *Ploughman* says:—"The milker should be on good terms with the cow. If milkers scold and kick, the cow will, most likely, return the latter; and moreover, she cannot kick to advantage when her leg is in close conjunction with the milker. The best milkers are the quickest; for there will be a flow in less than a minute from the commencement of the process. Take advantage of this, and prevent its return. Milk dry; for the strippings are worth four times as much for butter as the milk that is first drawn." This is good advice. A lazy, scolding milker, will soon spoil a good cow."

The Kerries as Milkers.

THE *Boston Cultivator* has received from Arthur W. Austin, Esq., a memorandum in regard to the quantity of milk given by his Kerry heifers on the last day of last month. They have all "come in" with their first calves since the 27th of April. The milk was accurately measured, and the quantity must be considered extraordinary, when the age and size of the animals are taken into account. These are the first results obtained from the breed in this country, and indicate its success here, even to a greater degree than its advocates have anticipated. The yield was as follows: No. 1, over 14 quarts; No. 2, 14 strong; No. 3, 11 10-12; No. 4, 10½; No. 5, 10 strong. Mr. Austin remarks:—"No. 3 has been only four days at grass, and holds up her milk, having been separated from her calf. I am confident she will equal No. 1 and No. 2 in a week. The milk of No. 5, though not so much in quantity, justifies those who approved of her, by the evident richness of the milk, which appears to be slightly superior to that of the others—all, however, being excellent." Mr. Austin states that the Shetland heifer, which was imported with the Kerries, gave on the day above mentioned 9½ quarts of milk, and a small Norwegian cow which calved last September, and is now in calf by the Kerry bull, gave 9½ quarts.

Effect of Shade on Soils.

DR. BALDWIN, of Virginia, remarks the *Boston Cultivator*, has long contended that the soil by shading undergoes putrefaction, and from this cause becomes fertile. Admitting the result as thus claimed, it does not follow that the argument or theory in regard to it is correct. We have given our own views on the subject heretofore, and have been pleased to find them supported by those of R. C. Kendall, in a late communication to the *American Farmer*. Mr. K. believes that darkness favors the deposit of nitrate of potash in the soil, which is one of the causes of the fertility produced by shade; but he holds that a more important influence is exerted by the *earth-worm*, of whose habits we lately spoke at considerable length. Mr. K. says:

"But this chemical combination and deposit is the *avant courier* of a more powerful fertilizing agent that works exclusively under the cover of total darkness. This is the common earth-worm. These industrious manipulators of the soil shun sunshine and the broad glare of day; but give them a dark corner, a shaded nook, the cover of a flat stone, a plank, or heap of rubbish, and their labor is incessant, indefatigable, and most efficient as a fertilizing agent. Cover over a bit of sterile earth with a plank, so as to exclude the light and insure moisture, and within a month there is a manifestation of the presence of nitre where the closest chemical test could have detected none before. Within another month comes the army of subterranean sappers and miners, boring the whole surface soil to the depth of a foot, into millions of holes, passing every particle of it through their long, flexible organism, and leaving in their excretion a compost beyond the power of human skill to equal. Under the administration of these wonderful workers in the darkness, in the space of two years, the hard-packed, sterile ground has been as thoroughly cut up as ever was an unpainted, wooden-bottomed ship by the *teredo* after three months of inactivity in the waters of Tampa Bay. By the agency and industry of these wriggling atomatic Jethro Tulls, the whole organic structure of the darkened surface has been changed both in quality and complexion. From a pale, barren and baked *hard-pan*, it has become a light, porous, dark-colored *soil*, rich in all the elements of vegetable life."

Duty of the Farmer.

IN a late issue of the *Michigan Farmer* we find an article concerning the patriotic duty, to State and National Governments, of those who remain in peaceful avocations while thousands of friends and neighbors take active part upon the tented field, from which we extract the following:

"With the present season, our farming community should be as active in the fields of peaceful production, as are a large portion of our population and the Government in the field of war. There can be little question but that the war will be the means of circulating a very large amount of money and funds that have heretofore been locked up in the banks or in other securities. The subsistence of an immense army, of at least one hundred thousand men, with a proportionate naval force, will make a demand for supplies of all kinds, and of every production of the farm. It is true that taxes may be somewhat higher, but at the same time there will be more means in circulation to pay taxes with. The farmer, however, who sits down and folds his hands, and complains for want of help, or does not make use of all his energies, and consequently has "nothing to sell," has no excuse; the market may be good or bad, for him it is of little consequence.

Again, the farmers who do not now exert themselves more than they have done before, are not good citizens; a patriotic people are sending forth their best blood to preserve and maintain all that, as men, we hold dear. Every man entrusted by the Government, is giving all his strength to the duties imposed upon him. The agricultural community can do much to secure these effects by using every effort to promote and increase the productive resources of the State. The average increase of half a bushel per acre in our wheat crop would pay for the fitting out of all the regiments to be sent into the field by Michigan. The increase of the wool clip by two ounces on each head of sheep, would pay the interest of the war loan of one million which has just been authorized, and the cultivation and proper economy in our pastures and hay crop, so as to add one additional heifer or steer on each farm, would pay off the principal in less than five years. Our readers will, therefore, see that they have a patriotic duty to perform to the State at home, fully as important, and as urgent, and as glorious in every way, as those who are in the tented field, risking their lives in defense of the State against treason and traitors.

Inquiries and Answers.

FOOT ROT IN HORSES.—Will the RURAL, or some of its readers, please to give me information on the following, through its columns, and oblige a faithful reader? I had a disease among my horses, of a destructive nature, for several years, and for which I cannot find any name or remedy. The first symptoms are a lameness in one foot, commencing very suddenly, but without any external appearance of the disease; in a short time the flesh around the top of the hoof, or where the hoof and flesh meet, becomes soft, finally breaks out, discharging a yellow matter all round the foot extending to the frog; it then mortifies very quickly. The general health and appetite remain good. The disease seems to be contagious. The horse sets the foot on the toe generally. I never saw more than one foot affected at a time. I should like to know the disease and remedy, if my description is plain and perfect enough.—J. H. BURGNER, *Bellevue, Ohio*, 1861.

A disease very similar to that described by our correspondent made its appearance in Boston, Mass., in the winter of 1853, and may now be found in some portions of the "Old Bay State." As we have never seen a case of it, we cannot meet the wishes of friend BURGNER in a better manner than by giving the experience of Dr. DADD, who frequently witnessed its operation and effects, and consequently had opportunities for judging as to the best modes of treatment. The Dr. remarks:

"It appears to spread after the manner of sporadic diseases, and prevails chiefly among horses of coarse breed, with *clumsy feet*, brought on in some cases by '*hard usage and sore abuse*.' The disease luxuriates in stables that are filthy, damp, and unventilated, and among horses that are constantly exposed to all sorts of weather; for it is seldom that we hear anything of the disease prevailing in horses of superior breed, located in comfortable stables, where they are supposed to have that care and attention so necessary for the preservation of health; yet, however potent the above causes may be, they are not in all cases *direct*, but merely approximating. It has been observed that this peculiar disease often follows injuries of the foot by caulking—from puncture by nail or otherwise. Here we seem to have a direct cause, which may be termed special; for such engender distinct disease. From the fact, however, that the disease is not prevalent in the summer months, we are led to infer that the combinations of cold, moisture, and bad management, are more prolific of it than any other cause. The term *foot rot* does not convey any definite idea of the nature of the affection, but merely implies a state of rottenness, similar to that occurring in sheep and cattle; whereas this disease varies, and often passes through several stages ere rottenness *(gangrene)* sets in. Some subjects are attacked suddenly with disease of the plantar absorbents—deep-seated *lymphatitis*. In the course of a few days—sometimes hours—a profuse discharge of matter, resembling lymph, from the coronet takes place, and inflammatory gangrene supervenes. Or a horse will all at once be seized with lameness, continually catching up the foot, and in the course of a few hours, pus is seen to ooze from the orifice. Here we have two stages of a disease which may progress to *rot* or gangrene, viz., *inflammatory*, characterized by heat, pain, and lameness; *suppurative*, of which the discharge of pus is proof positive. The *finale* is a gangrenous state, characterized by transformations and death of the tissues of the foot. The name of this disease should, therefore, be conferred in accordance with the notable changes that occur throughout its progress; they are inflammation, suppuration, gangrene; and it often happens that the abnormal process is arrested in either one or the other of the first stages, although it is prone to run into gangrene. These characteristic symptoms furnish a title for the disease; and should death supervene, whether in the inflammatory, suppurative, or putrid states, the name of the disease will be that of the cause of death; so that *foot rot*—if it imply a rotten, putrid, or gangrene state—should be termed inflammatory gangrene, which is produced by extravasated blood, or rather fluids, they rapidly passing into a state of decomposition, thus destroying the vitality of those tissues—the laminæ of the foot—so that the hoof frequently separates from its attachments and falls off.

"*Treatment.* It is useless to lay down any particular plan of treatment, for that must depend on the nature, stage, and intensity of the disease. The principal local remedies are:

"1. *Antiseptics.*—Pyroligneous acid, charcoal, chloride of soda, and lime.

"2. *Astringents.*—Tincture of muriate of iron, sulphate of zinc and of iron, bayberry bark, gum catechu.

"3. *Remedies to relieve Pain.* — Chloroform, sulphuric ether, tincture of Indian hemp, infusion of hops or poppy heads."

Rural Notes and Items.

☞ THIS number of the RURAL goes to press a day in advance of the usual period, in order to give printers and pressmen an opportunity to celebrate the Fourth. Hence our Market Reports, &c., are not as late as those usually given, and probably some advertisements intended for publication will "fail to connect."

ALL READERS OF THE RURAL who desire its continued prosperity—that its usefulness may be increased rather than diminished — are reminded that a New Half Volume commences *this week*, affording a favorable opportunity for efforts to maintain and augment its circulation. While we are using our best endeavors to make the paper more and more acceptable and beneficial to its readers everywhere, we trust they will remember that these are times which fathom the purses of publishers, and kindly govern themselves accordingly. In our case it requires a constant stream of receipts (or a draft on the sinking fund) to meet the large expenses of publication. With war at the South, and a degranged currency West, we are just now between two unpleasant fires, and though our faith is strong in regard to the future, it must be confessed that more *present* encouragement would not only be very acceptable, but materially lessen our cares. Those of our readers, therefore, who can consistently aid us at this juncture, by adding new recruits to the RURAL Brigade, will confer a favor in season and benefit such of their friends as become subscribers. How many who think the RURAL indispensable in their families, will kindly proclaim their views on the subject in order to induce others to secure its visits?

THE HOMESTEAD, an excellent agricultural weekly, published at Hartford, Ct.,—which gives little news or miscellaneous reading, and has, we believe, argued against combining Agriculture with Literature and General Intelligence — is to be issued once a month only for the remainder of the year, and perhaps longer. The publisher says:—"The question is very often asked, 'Why do not you issue *The Homestead* monthly instead of weekly?' and it is also the frequent remark that subscribers do not have time to read *The Homestead* now that there is so much war news to read. This, with the increasing difficulty in getting new subscriptions, and in some cases even renewals of old subscriptions, although our list has not materially fallen off of late, yet it forces us to the decision we have taken, viz., to issue *The Homestead* monthly, for the remainder of the year,— probably also till the end of the war, and until the general revival of business."

— We take this occasion to say to the friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER that, though none have intimated a desire for any change of publication on account of the War, or complained of want of time to read it, the times have not of late been favorable to its prosperity. Indeed, if we continue on the same basis (size, style, &c.,) as hitherto — as we firmly purpose doing—the profits or balance will probably be on the *wrong side* of the ledger at the close of the year. Many in our position would no doubt consider it the most prudent course to raise the paper, and otherwise lessen its expenses; but so long as we have "a shot in the locker," we purpose to carry a full cargo, stand at the helm, and keep our craft under sail — thus performing the voyage and fulfilling our contract with consignees (subscribers) to the letter. We believe this to be the only true course, provided our pluck and purse hold out, hence the resolve. And we believe that, as most patrons of Agricultural papers are abundantly able to sustain them creditably, they will not long suffer for lack of the encouragement necessary to render them still more prosperous and useful. Meantime we submit that the friends of the RURAL, and similar journals, can *now* best and most effectively manifest their appreciation of the the same by acts which will give "aid and comfort" to those who are laboring to promote the best interests of community.

CURING CLOVER HAY.— A writer in the Boston Cultivator gives his manner of curing clover hay, from experience, substantially as follows:—He cuts after the dew is off, and when in fullest bloom. He lets everything lie till about 4 p. m. the day of cutting, when it is turned. The warm earth will continue the wilting process. After dinner, the following day, it is forked into the tall cocks of from 50 to 75 lbs. each. These are allowed to stand two, three, or four days, according to the weather. If it is fair, the sweating will cure it, and if it rains, the cocks will shed water. On a clear day, open the hay into five or six flakes, and let it air two or three hours, when it is fit to cart away. A peck of salt to the tun of hay is his rule. He sows 12 to 15 lbs. seed to the acre, and thus obtains a fine, thick growth, not near as likely to lodge as coarser stalks, the result of thinner sowing.

IMPROVED MODE OF CURING HAY.— An improvement in mowing and stacking hay and grain has been invented and for some time used by ABEL POST, of West Henrietta, N. Y., which, by introducing currents of air through the central portions of the mow to rapidly evaporate the moisture, is said to enable the farmer to store his crop immediately after it is cut, without waiting the usual time for drying. The air is admitted through shafts formed in the process of mowing, by which the circulation is continued until the curing is perfected. A patent has just been obtained on the invention, through the agency of J. FRASER, of this city, and we are informed that the same will soon be offered to farmers for a small amount in comparison with the benefit the inventor claims to impart.

CLOVER ROOTS.— The Journal of N. Y. State Ag. Society says:—"At the meeting of the Board at Watertown, President GEDDES had some clover roots furnished him by a farmer in Onondaga county, one of which measured three feet eight inches, and the roots entered the ground as tap roots. The longest one was evidently broken off in taking up, and probably was six or eight inches longer, making it more than four feet; the others nearly as long. Such appendages as these to the clover plant, in friable soil, may well account for the great value of this plant as a fertilizer."

MINOR ITEMS.—So far as we learn the recent Horse Shows which have depended mainly upon "style and speed," have not been successful. "The sober, second thought" of community is evidently against fast trotting on fair grounds.——The Royal Ag. Society is to hold a Show next year, in Regent's Park, London, in connection with the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations—Prince ALBERT to act as President. ——At the recent annual meeting of the Mass. Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, G. W. LYMAN was elected President and R. S. FAY Secretary.——A Conn. paper says Chinese sugar cane is growing in favor with the milk-men and farmers near Hartford—one advantage being that cattle eat the whole of it when cured, even though it should grow 8 to 12 feet high.——Messrs. BRODIE and CAMPBELL, of this State, recently imported a three year old Ayrshire heifer and calf, a yearling bull and four yearling heifers of the same breed, a ram and two ewes of the Black-Faced breed of sheep, a ram and six ewes of the Leicester breed, and one Yorkshire boar.——E. BURNETT, Springfield, Mass., has a five year old native cow, weighing 975 lbs., that in one month (ending 6th of June last) gave 1,333 lbs. of milk, from which was made 54¾ lbs of butter. Her feed was rowan hay, with two quarts of cob meal daily, the first half of the time, and simply pasture the last half.

IRRIGATION.—I had about four acres, with a soil varying from two to six inches deep,—the rock being bare in many places,—lying on a slope, or sloping both ways, with a small stream of water running from a swamp through the lowest part of the lot; the land was in grass; produced about half a tun to the acre. I put upon it manure; it did no good; the grass when wet would grow, but would soon dry up and amount to almost nothing. I took a team with a strong plow, plowed two furrows in different places, so as to take the water from the stream over the highest land, and let the water out whenever I desired it; attended to it twice a week, letting on and off in different parts of the lot. The result was three tuns to the acre, cut early, and a large after growth. The next year I took the water off; the result was less than half a crop. The year following I let the water on as before with the same good results.—*Tr. N. Y. State Ag. Soc.*

FEED BONES TO THE HENS.—If you take fresh bones from the kitchen, and with a sledge, on a rock, or any natural or artificial anvil, pound them up into small pieces, hens will eat them ravenously, and not only will they digest the bones and make a better manure of them than can be made in any other way, but they will be themselves greatly benefited by them; they will lay throughout the season with much greater regularity than otherwise, and will fatten on the marrow within, and the fat and muscles that will adhere to the bones.—*Homestead.*

HORTICULTURAL.

MEETING OF THE FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY.

The June Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York was held at Syracuse on the 25th ult. The President, E. Moody, of Lockport, took the Chair at 10 o'clock, and called the meeting to order. S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, and Giles E. Jackson, of Dansville, were admitted members of the Society.

The President appointed Messrs. Barry, Beadle, and Maxwell a Committee to report subjects for discussion. While the Committee were absent, the subject of strawberry culture was introduced, and gentlemen were invited to give their views and experience.

Dr. Green, of Syracuse, had grown strawberries for a good many years, perhaps not the largest or best, but good crops of fair berries. Had succeeded with very little manure. With manure, had grown larger berries and obtained more growth of vine, but not so good a crop. The best manure for strawberries he found to be virgin soil from the woods. Soil rather heavy, and dug one spade deep; and after securing two crops, dig up the old bed, having another ready to take its place.

S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, had a heavy clay in his garden, dug two feet, and highly manured. From a bed 16 by 35 feet gathered between two and three bushels the second year, and the same the third. Let the vines run together so as pretty much to cover the whole ground.

The Committee on Subjects for Discussion reported the following:

I. What three varieties of Strawberry are the most desirable for amateur or market cultivation?

II. What varieties of Gooseberry can be successfully grown in this country?

III. The best method of preventing the ravages of the gooseberry and currant worm.

IV. The best varieties of Currants, and best method of cultivation for market.

V. Is it advisable to recommend the culture of the Black Currant extensively?

VI. The best varieties of Raspberry, and best method of cultivation.

VII. Is it desirable to cultivate the Blackberry as a garden fruit?

DISCUSSIONS.

What three varieties of Strawberry are the most desirable for amateur or market cultivation?

Josiah Salter, Rochester — If confined to three varieties, I think I would plant Early Scarlet, Wilson, and Triomphe de Gand.

S. N. Holmes — Will name Wilson, Hooker, and Hovey. For amateurs, like Schneicke's Pistillate. The most hardy and prolific of all is Wilson, but it is not of first quality. Burr's New Pine is of excellent flavor, but not productive.

J. Salter, in answer to several questions, said Hooker stands the winter pretty well in a deep, well drained soil, especially of mulched, but suffers in a shallow or undrained soil; its flavor is good, and it is tolerably productive. Wilson is hardy and productive, and sells well. Black Prince, Hovey, and Boston Pine are shy bearers. Large Early Scarlet is a profitable berry, because early, but not of first rate quality. Triomphe de Gand is nearly or quite as hardy as the Wilson, very productive, and of excellent quality. An acre in Triomphe de Gand at the present time perhaps would not produce as much money as the Wilson.

Chas. Downing — With me the Wilson dies out after producing one crop. Take two years together, I think any other productive variety will give as much fruit.

Salter — I can get but one good crop from Wilson. It should be grown in hills and the runners kept off, and mulched in summer. Growing in hills is the best way to obtain good fruit, but it is considerable trouble, and therefore perhaps not the most profitable.

J. Vick, Rochester — Strawberry growers know that two seasons out of every three the crop is much injured by drouth, and often a third of a fair yield is not obtained from this cause. If strawberries are grown in hills and the ground is kept free from weeds, they will not suffer in the least from dry weather in seasons that would about destroy the crop if allowed to grow in a mass. The certainty of a crop would more than compensate for the extra trouble.

Salter — The best plan for amateurs, no doubt, is to grow in hills, but nurserymen are too busy in the spring to give proper attention to their strawberries.

W. B. Smith, of Syracuse — Have not had much experience in growing for market. The Wilson is hardy and productive, and Burr's New Pine is of excellent quality. Early Scarlet, Wilson, and Triomphe de Gand is probably the three best. Longworth's Prolific I think a good deal of. It bears for a long time, and is of fair quality.

Downing — Leaves of Longworth's Prolific suffer in the summer, turning brown and drying up.

Salter — Found the same difficulty with it and discarded it.

Smith — My soil is a strong clay, and it does not suffer in this respect. For market, would plant Wilson exclusively, but for home use would not plant it at all.

Dr. Beadle, St. Catharines, C. W.—Would like to know if any one has tried Prof. Coppock's seedling which he exhibited last year in Buffalo, and considered very valuable.

Downing — What Mr. Coppock exhibited was of the Iowa type, no better, very acid, and doubtless quite prolific.

P. Barry — We cultivate over fifty sorts, and it is difficult to select three. Can recommend twenty good strawberries for amateurs. Wilson is the most profitable market berry. The Crimson Cone held sway in the New York market for twenty years, but its reign is now disputed by the Wilson. Triomphe de Gand is excellent, productive enough, and about as hardy as most of our native varieties. Early Scarlet retains its popularity for an early variety, but Jenny Lind ripens at the same time, is larger, and certainly of as good quality. When it becomes generally cultivated, experience may show that the Scarlet possesses some superiority over it for general culture, but it is now very promising. Peabody's celebrated strawberry has proved worthless. Would like to know if any one has tested Downer's seedling; it was sent out with a great name.

Downing — Peabody is worthless. Downer's promises very well, but is not as prolific as Wilson.

Barry — Cultivators should plant such varieties as will prolong the strawberry season as long as possible, commencing with the Early Scarlet or Jenny Lind, and then plant some of the intermediate and late varieties. Strawberries may be ripened for a long season. It is not profitable to endeavor to obtain more than two crops of strawberries from the same bed. It is better to have other beds coming into bearing, and then dig up the old ones.

Downing — This is my experience. I never try to get more than two crops.

The President — Has any one had experience in digging in parts of the old beds, leaving strips to furnish runners to renew them.

Beadle — Tried it, but could not make the runners root in the ground where the old vines had been turned under.

Smith — Tried digging in, leaving strips of the old bed a few inches in width, and with good success. Have a bed now that had been out about six years, and dug under a part every year.

Barry — No fruit is so easily grown and so badly treated as the strawberry. Many say they cannot grow strawberries, but a look at the condition of the beds shows the reason; potatoes must be planted every year, and this is not considered an objection to their cultivation, yet persons object to strawberries because they require to be reset every year or two. The idea seems to be prevalent that there is something difficult and mysterious in strawberry culture, yet there is nothing more simple.

The President — Look for a crop of strawberries from the same vines but one year. Plant in rows three feet apart, and the plants about a foot apart in the rows, first subsoiling the ground. Then use the cultivator to keep the ground mellow and destroy the weeds. Can grow an acre of strawberries about as cheap as an acre of potatoes, and when a farmer grows his own plants, it will be no more trouble or expense. After one good crop, plow under.

Mr. Smith said the "Oneida Community" brought very fine strawberries to the Syracuse market, and inquired if any one present could inform the meeting of their mode of culture.

Mr. E. Ford replied that they planted in rows, and let them run together. After getting a crop, a space about two feet was dug through the lot, leaving a strip of the old bed about a foot in width, and so on through the lot. The vacant space was soon filled with new runners. After the next crop, that part of the bed left last year was dug under. They manured with decayed leaves from the forest.

In answer to a question, Mr. Barry said the best way for garden culture was to grow in hills, but whether it would be proved most profitable for field culture he could not say. When grown in hills they should receive a little protection in the fall either with straw or coarse manure. In Pittsburg, where were the largest and best managed strawberry plantations he had seen in the country, they were invariably grown in hills, and this plan they consider the most profitable.

Mr. Downing favored growing in hills by amateurs, and even for the New York market, or any other market where they were willing to pay a good price for good fruit; but where a small, poor berry would sell for as much as a fine, large one, perhaps growing in masses would be found the most profitable. The product of an acre of Triomphe de Gand, he thought, would bring more in the New York market than one acre in Wilson.

The President said that with him the Jenny Lind was as early as Early Scarlet.

Mr. Ellwanger considered the Brighton Pine one of the best of American strawberries.

Mr. Barry saw Scott's Seedling selling for more in the New York market than any other variety. They were nicely prepared for market, and were called Pine Apple, Lady's Finger, and other taking names, but are of poor quality and hollow.

Downing — Scott's Seedling is very beautiful, as true as if molded, but lacks flavor.

What influence has the stock upon the graft in modifying or changing the quality of the fruit?

This question, which was laid over at the Annual Meeting was now called up for discussion.

Mr. Smith had noticed a difference in the appearance of the same variety of apples on different trees, but could not say it was the effect of the stock. On dwarf trees the stock was known to cause increased size and improved quality.

Mr. Beadle inquired if the Paradise stock produced the same effect upon the apple, and was answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Holmes said a number of years ago his father took grafts from a sweet apple tree and grafted an old tree that bore worthless fruit, and on this tree the apples were higher flavored than those on the tree from which the scion was taken. He had often noticed that scions of a sweet apple put upon another sweet tree never produced high flavored fruit.

Mr. Downing had noticed more difference in the fruit on different parts of the same tree or trees of the same variety in different situations than from difference of stock.

Mr. Barry thought the only difference effected by the stock was in the quantity of sap furnished, or perhaps its condition. If the stock exerted much influence on the fruit, when we graft pears on quince roots the pears would partake somewhat of the nature of the quince.

Mr. Smith had grafted Northern Spy on English Sweeting, but had never been able to detect any difference in the fruit.

The Chairman appointed Messrs. Salter, Barry, and Downing to examine the fruits on exhibition.

On motion of Mr. Beadle,

Resolved, That our next meeting be held at Rochester on the call of the Council.

Afternoon Session.

What varieties of Gooseberry can be successfully grown in this country?

Ellwanger — Consider what is called the American Seedling one of the best of the American varieties. It is cultivated in some nurseries as Houghton's Seedling, but it has a slender, erect growth, while Houghton's Seedling is trailing. It is very productive. The fruit is not so large as Houghton's Seedling, but this sometimes mildews, while the American Seedling never does. Of the English varieties the Whitesmith is the best.

Downing — The American Seedling is known as English Pale Red, Ohio Seedling, Cluster, and is called around Columbus, Dutch Joe.

Dr. Sylvester, of Lyons — Have cultivated American Seedling for a good many years; have had it growing with other varieties that mildewed, but never saw it affected. Several years since, imported Whitesmith, and never saw mildew upon it until the present year. The Mountain Seedling, the new Shaker gooseberry, is nearly as large as Whitesmith, but with a thicker skin. Think well of it.

Mr. Holmes inquired if quality of soil was not an important matter in the culture of the gooseberry, and what soil was best, to which Mr. Ellwanger replied that a good strong loam was the most suitable.

Salter — Have seen the Houghton Seedling so affected with mildew that the leaves dropped off. Had Mountain Seedling three years. It has not mildewed. The fruit is large, thick skinned, not of superior quality, perhaps not quite as good as Houghton's Seedling, but of the same character. Old plants mildew more than young ones.

Dr. Beadle said he had seen published accounts of a Gooseberry Society at Patterson, New Jersey, where it is said the gooseberry is grown free from mildew and exhibited in size equal to those shown at the celebrated English exhibitions. He wished to know if any one could give any information in regard to the matter.

Mr. Downing replied that he had never attended any of the exhibitions, but believed the statements to be true. Knew some of the growers there to be very successful.

Holmes — What can I do to grow gooseberries free from mildew on a heavy soil? Have had but poor success. Some suggested good drainage, but Mr. Holmes said his garden was pretty well drained. Mr. Ellwanger recommended taking up the plants every second year, pruning both roots and tops, and setting them out again. This would usually prove effectual. Crown Bob was next to the Whitesmith of the English sorts for freedom from mildew.

The best method of preventing the ravages of the gooseberry and currant worm.

Sylvester — Never was troubled much with the worm, but in the village it is destroying the leaves. Had some last season, and applied whale oil soap and aloes, and destroyed them,— one pound of soap to six gallons of water and half an ounce of aloes. Some have used the soap alone and have been successful. Applied every two days. The worms are on the under side of the leaves, and the wash is applied with a syringe convenient for the purpose.

Barry — They may be killed in a great many ways, but the remedy, whatever it is, must be applied every day and for a long time. If the plants are covered with a box, tobacco smoke may be applied; they may be beaten off with evergreen branches and killed on the ground; whale oil soap and other things will prove destructive, but when an acre or two are cultivated it is next to impossible to keep clear of them. Mr. B. was in hopes they would, like some other injurious insects, have their season and pass away. Fifteen or sixteen years ago they were very destructive in some parts of Canada, and then they had not appeared in Western New York. We had only been troubled with them three or four years.

Salter — Have tried aloes, soft soap, whale oil soap, nux vomica, lime, and other things, and had watched and seen the worms eat the leaves wet with these washes, and without any apparent injury. A good way is to dig the ground in the fall and leave it rough, or in ridges, and they appear to freeze out.

The best varieties of Currants, and best method of cultivation for market.

Barry — White Grape is the best both for market and the table. The Black Currant is a very popular fruit in Europe, and is now receiving much attention in France for the manufacture of wine. The Cherry and Versaillaise are large showy market varieties.

Downing — The White and Red Dutch are good sorts, and the new varieties are not much superior. The Versaillaise is very large. Black Currant wine has much the character of Port. The Black Currants are very much alike, and it is almost impossible to determine any difference in the appearance of the fruit.

Salter—The best use I ever made of black currants, was to mix with the White Grape for making wine. It will be found to be a great improvement. White Grape is the best white currant, and Cherry the best red. Have never found the black to yield enough to pay for growing, as they do not set well. Versaillaise is of better flavor, perhaps, than Cherry, but not so productive. Like to grow currants on a single stem, and prune back the wood to spurs. The only objection to this plan is that a fly sometimes punctures the trunk, and lays an egg that produces a worm that kills the trunk, and thus the plant is lost. In this form, more and better fruit could be produced, as it would have all the strength of the plant. The currant cannot have too much manure if well rotted. Half manure and half old turf rotted together, is excellent.

Barry—Manure for the currant is fully as important as pruning. Few persons have any idea how much manure a currant bush needs. The currant has fine roots growing in a small compass, and unless these are supplied with plenty of food, the fruit will be small, no matter what the variety may be. This often causes disappointment to those who expect large fruit.

Dr. Sylvester—Like the tree form, or would like it, were it not for the fact that during storms the branches often get broken down. The Cherry currant, when well grown and well ripened, is excellent, particularly late in the season. The black currant is good for the table and for wine. Once made wine from the black currant, which a gentleman who has always been in the wine trade declared to be the best he ever tasted, either native or imported. It was made in a dry season, when the fruit was very ripe and a little shriveled.

The best varieties of Raspberry, and best method of cultivation.

Sylvester—Doolittle's Black Cap is very good, hardy and productive. Obtained a few years since a variety called American Red Cap, that I like. A year or two ago obtained from the neighborhood of Syracuse a variety called Southern Black. It is perfectly hardy, and appears to be larger than Doolittle. The Orange nearly hardy, and the best of the half-hardy kinds. Bagley's Perpetual is perpetual only in forming suckers. Ohio Ever-Bearing is very much like Black Cap, but gives a crop in the ordinary season, and then flowers and bears again in the fall. Had seen fruit and flowers on the plants when winter set in. For those who want a little fruit out of the ordinary season, it is a good kind. The Antwerps are good when laid down for protection during the winter, which should be done by amateurs.

Downing—The Red Cap is the most useful raspberry we have. It is not as seedy as the Black Cap, but a juicy, valuable berry for farmers. The Hudson River Antwerp is the only kind cultivated on the Hudson for the New York market. The Orange is too tender for market. The plants are always laid down in the autumn. A little town south of Newburgh sent to the New York market last season raspberries from which was realized $110,000.

Is it desirable to cultivate the Blackberry as a garden fruit?

Holmes—I have tried the New Rochelle in my garden, which was a heavy soil, but they are so much injured by the winter or late spring frosts, that I get no fruit. Am satisfied, from observation, that the blackberry needs a light, loamy soil.

Dr. Sylvester—Have grown the New Rochelle blackberry on pretty light and quite heavy land. It has done extremely well with me, but not always so with my neighbors. Sometimes the tops winter-kill a little, but not enough to do injury. The New Rochelle is not ripe when the berries are black and glossy; they must become of a dead black, and then they are good. They make a very good wine. Tried the White blackberry, and they grew and blossomed well, but the fruit was imperfect. It is very sweet.

The President—In my grounds the New Rochelle is somewhat tender, and kills back. Think it best to mulch and pinch back the shoots in the summer, so as to secure the ripening of the wood. Plowing or cultivating among them injures the roots. The weeds should be kept down with the hoe.

Dr. Beadle—At St. Catharines the New Rochelle bears a good crop, and never kills back, except perhaps a few inches. Never mulch or take any particular pains with their culture. Use only the hoe among the plants.

FRUIT ON EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of fruit was not large, but there were some very good strawberries. The Committee appointed to examine the fruit on exhibition reported that

E. Ware Sylvester, of Lyons, exhibited nine varieties of strawberries, including Downer's Prolific, Wilson, and Triomphe de Gand; also, Governor Wood cherry.

S. N. Holmes, Syracuse, Wilson and Schneicke's Pistillate.

Smith & Hanchett, Syracuse, 25 varieties of strawberries, including Hooker, Wilson and McAvoy's Superior.

A. P. Gould, Jamesville, Wilson and Ohio Mammoth.

W. H. Lee, Newark, Wilson, Scott's Seedling, and Hooker strawberries and Pound pears.

PRESERVED FRUITS.

W. B. Smith, black currants and pears.

Miss Abby Barker, six jars, put up in 1857–8–9 and 1860, all in good state of preservation, embracing tomatoes, cherries, plums, gooseberries, and red and white raspberries.

FLOWERS.

Smith & Hanchett, a fine show of flowers, (for which the committee recommended a vote of thanks, which was unanimously adopted,) consisting of 150 varieties of roses, 37 varieties of picotees, and a beautiful bouquet.

After the passage of resolutions expressive of the sympathy of the Society for the late President in his afflictions, which have prevented him from taking an active part in the proceedings, the Society adjourned to meet in Rochester at the call of the Council.

DISEASE IN DWARF PEARS.

Editors Rural New Yorker:—There seems to be a new disease in my dwarf pear trees, at least new to me. Some of them have not leaved out this spring, while others have started and grown some inches and then withered and died. I have lost some forty trees already, and others show symptoms of the same disease.

On examination, I find the quince stock dead, and to appearances has been so for some time, as all the small roots are rotten. I have examined some at the first symptoms of the leaves withering, and have found the roots and the whole quince stock dead, while the pear at the place of uniting and all above was alive, and to all appearances healthy; sometimes one or two small roots would be alive and others all dead.

Other orchards in this vicinity, including those of H. N. Langworthy and I. S. Clark, are similarly afflicted, though not as much as mine. The disease is seen on dry soil and wet in my orchards, the worst on the driest soils and those well drained naturally. The Bartletts were the first affected in the spring, and have suffered the most; but on the Virgalieu, Vicar of Winkfield, and Louise Bonne de Jersey, varieties well adapted to the quince, it has appeared. So far, those trees that were thrifty and made a good growth last season, have suffered the most, and I have not found it on trees set less than three years. It has appeared on trees obtained from several different nurseries, which precludes the idea that the stocks were not of the right kind or originally diseased. At first I was led to think it was the severe winter, but as the quince stock on my trees is entirely below the ground, and my quinces, of the common kind, in the same field, of which I have several hundred, are all healthy, and all varieties of the quince are known to be very tenacious of life, I cannot lay it to this. I am at a loss to account for it in any way, and wish to inquire whether others have suffered in like manner, and the probable cause and remedy. If the disease is common this season, would it not be a proper subject of discussion at the approaching meeting of the fruit growers at Syracuse. F. W. Lay.

Greece, N. Y., June 17, 1861.

MY GARDEN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—We all like to look over our Albums, not particularly for the value of the pieces they contain, but because they remind us of friends, some of them perhaps far away, whose faces we shall never see more. I have the same pleasure in looking over my little garden, for I have a garden all my own, and it is partly planted with flowers, the gifts of friends. I have one tree that was brought from Mt. Vernon, some flowers that were sent me by a young friend from the great prairies of the West, which I have never seen, and many others that I never see without thinking of those I love. Among the number added to my collection the past spring was *Linum perenne*, blue, and *Linum perenne album*, with white flowers. These are perennial flaxes. They were sent by Mr. Charles Downing to my father, and as Mr. D. said they were a present for the children, I have these in my garden. We had the blue before, but not the white. They are very beautiful, and look each morning like stars floating in the air. I wish we had a red variety, so that we might have the red, white, and blue. Father says there is a red annual flax, very fine, and he has plants, but it is not yet in flower. I think somebody will have to grow a red perennial flax somehow, so that we can have this pretty and patriotic collection of colors at the same time. Every year my garden grows more interesting from the additions made, and mostly from friends, though I try to get a few choice new seeds never flowered here before, and watch the first buds with a good deal of anxiety. I shall have the new Double Zinnia in a week or two, and some other new flowers. Clarice.

Queen Victoria's Children in the Garden.—At the seaside residence of Queen Victoria, in the Isle of Wight, a large portion of the pleasure grounds is appropriated to the young Princes and Princesses, who have each a flower and vegetable garden, green-houses, hot-houses, and forcing frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop. Here the royal children pass hours of their time. Each is supplied with a set of tools marked with the name of the owner, and here they work with the enthusiasm of an amateur and the zeal of an Anglo-Saxon. There is no branch of gardening in which the royal children are not au fait.

Domestic Economy.

THE SCIENCE OF BED-MAKING.

There is a right way to do every thing, and among the most important of household duties, is knowing *how* to make a bed *properly*. Almost any one can turn over, or shake up, a bed, and throw on the bedclothes; but, to make up a bed evenly, and smoothly — so it will be a place of rest and comfort,—and put on the clothes rightly, requires care worthy of every house-keeper's notice, and no really good and thorough woman, whose business is housework, will neglect giving the requisite attention.

In the first place, a bed should be will aired before being made. Open the windows, and throw open, or take off the clothes, and if you have a house full of beds, you can do this, because you can go through a suite of rooms, then go back to the first and make up, thus giving some time for air and ventilation. Remember, if it is worth while to have beds, and go to bed, and sleep at all, it is equally important to have them wholesome and comfortable. In taking off the bedclothes, do not throw them, or the pillows, on the floor, or sling them on a chair, dragging on a floor, for in this way they gradually get soiled badly, and require washing much oftener than is necessary, which is hard, heavy work, besides injuring them.

Beds of straw, or husks, or of any material to be shaken or stirred, should be done so evenly as possible; but an important point, is to put on the clothes *rightly*. Always put the right sides of sheets together,—this is to keep the bed and bed quilts clean — and put the middle of sheets and coverlids *on the middle of the bed*. The under sheet should be well tucked under the mattress, at the head, or, likely as not, it will be at the foot of the bed before morning, especially if the sleepers are children. The upper sheet and other clothes should just reach the head-board, leaving the length to tuck under the *foot* of the mattress, to keep them in their places during the night. No person or child can sleep well, and have the weight of the clothes all on one side, or carelessly thrown on, unfastened to the bed. If your bed is clean, and kept clean underneath, why will you spread the most of your quilts to the front side? A bed is a bed, and if you must have quilts come nearly to the floor on one side, make them wide enough to go over the other the same distance. Particularly in cold weather, you should put on the clothes evenly, well tucked at the foot and sides, and if you have an old fashioned bedstead, let the outside quilt only come over the foot of the bed. Sheets made for double beds, and where two persons are to sleep, should be large. They should be cut off two and three-quarter yards in length, to allow for hems and shrinkage, and should be at least two and a quarter yards wide,—two and a half would be better. Always turn down the sheet and clothes at the top,—say a quarter of a yard, before placing the pillows, and then your bed is made and ready for use. Q.

CANNING VEGETABLES.

Green Peas.—Green peas are to most people a great luxury. Few know with what facility they may be preserved, so as to be ready for the table any day all the year round. Now is the time to talk about it.

I ate green peas in St. Domingo that were said to be four or five years old, and they were as good as if just plucked from the vines of a June morning. They were preserved in France, in tin cans holding a quart each, simply in water enough to cook them thoroughly (instead of being slightly cooked), but not enough to break the skin, and apparently put into the cans as we would put in gooseberries or blackberries.

Now is just the time to begin the preservation of this summer luxury for winter enjoyment. Do not can the old peas; take them fresh, and put them up when boiling hot. Thoroughly boiled, and still boiling as you put them in the tins, with the tins on the hot stove as you seal down the lids, and they will keep.

Green Sweet Corn.—In many markets, dried sweet corn is an every day article of trade, and is one of the most desirable winter dishes. This may also be canned so as to be as delicious as when first plucked from the field. Now is the time to prepare for it. Sweet corn is as easily raised as the field corn, and is much more desirable for drying or canning, and that which is planted late is the best for either purpose, as it can be secured after the burden of the hot weather is gone. Corn planted from the last of June to the middle of July, will furnish roasting ears in September and October. I have had it prime for the table picked from among snow, in October (but only once). Plant late, so as to have it ready for winter use when frost comes, and when well put up it is as easily kept as peaches. If once tried it will not be forgotten in coming years.—F. D. G., in *Field Notes*.

TOMATO CATSUP.

Seeing an inquiry in a late number of the Rural for making tomato catsup, I send the following, which I know to be excellent. Take a peck of tomatoes, cut them in slices, and then put them into a preserving kettle. Boil one hour, then strain through a sieve. Put back into the kettle what you strain, add one ounce of salt, one ounce of powdered mace, half an ounce of powdered cloves, a small teaspoonful of black pepper, the same of Cayenne pepper, and eight tablespoonfuls of ground mustard. Mix the seasoning with the tomato pulp, let it boil slowly for four hours, then take it out and let stand till the next day in an open dish. When cold, stir into it one pint of cider vinegar, put into bottles and seal the corks.—M. C., *Wisconsin*, 1861.

Take a peck of tomatoes, slice them up without peeling, sprinkle six tablespoonsful of salt over them, let them remain over night then boil till tender. Strain through a thin cloth, then add one pint of vinegar, three spoonfuls black pepper, three spoonfuls red pepper, one spoonful allspice, two spoonfuls cinnamon, one spoonful cloves. Boil down one half. Bottle tight when cold. I have tried this for several years and think it a good recipe.—L. E. W., *Prophetstown, Ill.*, 1861.

Cream Cake.—One cup of sugar; 1 of cream; 2 of flour; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoon of saleratus.

Crullers.—Two cups of sugar; 1 of butter; 1 of cream; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon saleratus; flour enough to roll.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup of butter; 1 of molasses; 1 teasoon saleratus; 2 of ginger. Roll thin and bake quick.

Lemon Cake.—One pound of flour; 1 of loaf sugar; half a pound of butter; 1 cup of thin cream; a little saleratus; 5 eggs. Season with lemon to your taste.—Mollie Flagg, *Grove Hill, N. Y.*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

An old man sat before the fire
On a windy winter night,
And dreamed of a time in the "long ago,"
When his life was young and bright.

Again a boy in his father's hall,
He sported in innocent glee,
Or romped with his fair-haired sisters out
In the shade of the apple tree.

He dreams that he stands at the altar now,
With the loved one by his side,
And murmurs the words of the marriage vow
In the ear of his fair young bride.

And now they are wandering happily,
As they did in the "long ago;"
He does not think she has slept for years,
Where, in summer, the violets grow.

And so it was, as he dreamed that night,
The white-robed messenger, Death,
Came in at the chime of the midnight hour,
And silenced his struggling breath;

And his soul passed in at the golden gate,
Where his loved one went before.
And lo! they have met on the plains of peace,
Where sorrow is known no more.

They found him dead when the morning dawned,
And they said, "It is well, he sleeps,
For we know that his name is written down
In the book that the angel keeps."

They bore him forth, and the drifted snow
Was cleared from the frozen plain,
Where, years ago, in her grave robes clad,
His beautiful bride was lain.

And lo! as they hollowed the narrow bed,
The sunlight around it shone,
And they said, "'tis a sign that in hope they rest,
Till the trump for the just is blown."

Cambria, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SISTER.

Perhaps the strongest, deepest, affection known to earth,—the purest, holiest feeling that burns within the soul,—is a sister's love. Bereft of this, life loses half its loveliness. When this departs, one of the sweetest charms that lingers round our earth has vanished.

How lovely is the band that unites two sisters; but none *less* beautiful is the tie that binds a sister and a brother. Here is no envy. If one rejoices in the sunlight of happiness, the other's heart o'erflows with the same joy. If grief overshadows one, they mingle their tears together. The sister breathes a sacred influence around. She dispenses light and happiness wherever she moves. She gently rebukes an erring one; and *that* heart must indeed be hardened, which cannot meekly receive a sister's mild reproof. And even if the wanderer has walked far and long in the path of vice, still a sister's heart glows with the same ardent love for him. Art thou a sister? Forget not your sacred relation. Remember you may exert a hallowed influence—one, which, though almost unnoticed, still is powerful for weal or woe.

Remember your heart should be a fountain, whence should sweetly flow the strains of sympathy.

Plant deep in the soul the seeds of principle. Tenderly guard and nourish the drooping plant of virtue, lest it die.

Oh! there is something *beautiful, elevated, sublime*, in a sister's love! Art thou a brother? If indeed you are worthy of this title, never will you forget her who called you so. Are strong temptations near? Would vice allure you from the path of rectitude? Remember that a sister prays, and that "*your* name is in her prayer." Think of the deep anguish that would rend her heart, and let this thought strengthen you. Has the breeze of fortune chanced to bear to you the laurels of fame? There is one who rejoices in your prosperity. Has the faded chaplet *fallen* from your brow? Do men look coldly and scornfully down? Does the world frown? There is one whose lips will always be wreathed in smiles for you,—one who will never forsake. Does something whisper sadly to your heart that earth is dark and desolate?—that the world has lost its loveliness?—that life is a dreary wilderness over which you wander alone? O, believe it not while there is one who cherishes for you a sister's ardent love. Have you ever spoken harshly? Have you ever breathed an unkind thought? You know not the wound it made,—the depth of sorrow it awakened. You appreciated not a *sister's devoted affection*. She has not yet forgotten it, and though long since she has freely forgiven you, still, in the deep silence of her thoughts, she hears again that harsh word, and she weeps to think that you could ever speak unkindly. Her heart, like the Æolian harp, vibrates to every breeze that blows. O! then touch gently its chords, lest its notes be mournfully blended with anguish. Willard Jordan.

Palmyra, Mich., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GIRLS.

Girls are wofully ignorant,—I mean girls in general. There isn't one out of ten that can tell who is Governor of the State in which she lives. There isn't one among twenty but prefers Mrs. Somebody's romance, to Macaulay's History of England, or Homer's Odyssey. And it is quite miraculous if you find one who prefers wading through the mysteries of Trigonometry and Surveying, to thumping three hours a day on the piano. Girls seem to think it is quite non-essential for *them*, to know anything aside from housework, embroidery, music, painting, and flirting; that the mysteries of nature were not given to *them* for research. It angers me, yes, it makes me bitter, when I see a girl who has every opportunity for preparing herself for usefulness, throw away her advantages, as being of no value whatever, and at the age of eighteen or twenty stand up at the altar, and pledge herself to some foppish cane-carrier, exquisite necktied biped, when neither of them ever thought of the sacredness and responsibility of such a tie. I care not how good your advantages have been, how mature you are, you do not know enough, you are not qualified for marriage, before you are twenty-five or six at least. And if your lover tells you that you *are*, you had better dismiss him, until years have given him common sense. You need your youth to make women of yourselves. An educated, high-souled woman is welcome everywhere. You marry at twenty, and at thirty-five you are an old, empty-headed woman. There are, it is true, girls who have a taste for literature, but never find the time for self-culture. Women spend too much time in cooking. Four varieties, cleanly and wholesomely cooked, are enough for any meal; they are much better for the system, and much sooner prepared than a dozen different viands, the preparation of which consumes the housewife's entire time. Why is it that women think more of feeding the stomach than the head? More of adorning the casket than polishing the jewel? More of primping and foolishly bedecking themselves so as to attract the notice of some shallow-brained fop, than in enriching the intellect with adornings that would win the admiration of the world? How is it that females will be mere brainless *dolls*, instead of whole-souled, earnest, life-working *women*? Why is it that so many girls will be, when they could be otherwise, rattle-headed, love-sick, and frivolous simpletons? Girls, you have brains, and for your own sakes, and for humanity's sake, do let the world *know* it, and *feel* it.

Elmira, N. Y., 1861. Minnie Mintwood.

NOTHING IS ALL DARK.

The following beautiful extract contains a mine of truth, and may be truly suggestive to many who look at human action and motives with dark suspicion:

"The bee sucks its honey from the same plant which the viper turns to venom. In mortal, as in material vision, the color of objects depends far more on the organ of vision and the intervening medium than upon anything inherent in the objects themselves. I have no sort of respect for that species of talent which bases its reputation entirely upon the ability to find fault. To discover and appreciate what is good, is a far more difficult task than to detect what is evil. The two states of mind differ, as wisdom differs from cunning. The one sees only evil; the other sees both evil and good. The man who would be thought to possess a profound insight into human nature, because he can suggest a base motive for every appearance of goodness, draws not only his premises from a bad heart, but his logic from a narrow head. The charity which 'hopeth all things,' is not a surer index of moral than of intellectual greatness. In woman especially, the disposition to see only the dark shades of the picture of human nature, is odious in the extreme, and is fitly represented by Spencer's personification of Slander. *Nothing is all dark.* There cannot be a picture without its bright spots; and the steady contemplation of what is bright in others has a reflex influence upon the beholder. It reproduces what it reflects. Nay, it seems to leave an impress upon the countenance. The features, from having a dark and sinister aspect, become open, serene and sunny. The countenance so impressed has neither the vacant stare of an idiot, nor the crafty, penetrating look of the basilisk, but the clear, placid aspect of truth and goodness. The woman who has such a face is beautiful. She has a beauty which varies not with the features, which changes not with years. It is beauty of expression. It is the only kind of beauty which can be relied on for a permanent influence with the other sex."

THE AGED LOVER.

"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hair falls over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and, above all, the silvery laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows, where the buttercups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with the ringlets flying loose in the wind, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love yon aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care-worn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her, and so shared it, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life; but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have placed flowers in the casements, and folded the hands of the dead; together we have wept over little graves. Through sunshine and storm we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old style kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly front the glad day, the sunlight throwing a parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills my heart till tears come. Say not again I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God imparted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hand palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded—yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the powers of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame."—*Selected.*

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be re-filled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. O! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are the tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

The Young Wife.—The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy; but the marriage of the loving young is by the direct blessing of God, and is the realization of the complete ideal of a lovely human life. Let those who have found that pearl, hold it fast and keep it safe. Within the doors where love dwells no evil thing should enter; and the loving bride who would be the happy wife must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the flatterer into the friend.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Choice Miscellany.

SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair, fond bride of yester eve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warrior haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flown at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

The death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhored—
The footsteps of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SATCHEL OF A VOLUNTEER.

The train dashed up to the station and had scarcely halted, when fifty hands from the volunteers were thrust through the windows, and were grasped by weeping mothers, sisters, fathers, lovers and brothers. The train started, and as it swept on, the wild hurrah went up. No farewell words were spoken,—there was no time,—onward shot the train like an arrow,—the crowd stood silent,—many with pale lips and hot tears on their cheeks. Mothers saw their sons for the last time. On the platform lay a pile of satchels, one directed to the writer, and at eve the family gathered around—I opened it, and the work of my boy was before me. He was scarcely eighteen, but had been an artist from childhood. I opened the portfolio containing his papers, and the first object that met my eyes was a large war eagle with white head and neck, his talons full of arrows, the points tipped with *red*. Underneath was written, "The eagle has been drinking the blood of traitors, father." The next object was a portrait of Byron, under which was inscribed,

"Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Throughout this purple land where law secures not life."

The words refer to the insecurity of Englishmen in Portugal, where they were nightly assassinated in 1806.

Below Byron lay a face of Bayard Taylor,—a beautiful likeness,—and on the bottom the words,

"Bow down in haste thy guilty head!
God's wrath is swift and sore;
The sky with gathering bolts is red,—
Cleanse from thy skirts the slaughter shed,
Or make thyself an ashen bed,
Oh Baltimore!"

I put aside the face of Taylor, and before me lay the picture of the mother of my child, painted from an ambrotype taken before she died. Under this he had written a verse of a song he had heard her sing when a child.

"His mother when his lips she pressed,
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With streaming eyes and aching heart,
Beheld him march for Waterloo."

This song,—"The Drummer Boy of Waterloo,"—is a sweet and mournful piece of music. On the paper tears had dropped and dried. I found an engraving of two Cupids struggling for a heart; another of two sisters reading a love letter; another of Palmer's captive bird, and drawings of animals and birds.

With unneeded clothes, vests, shirts, neck-ties, gloves, I found a copy-book, by Spencer, and a copy of the Art Journal; two large white swans, drawn in pencil; a young sister with a baby brother on her shoulder, fording the brook to amuse him; behind her came another little brother, clinging to her clothes. He had selected these as little beauties to be copied. One was a farm-yard piece, where the cattle at sunset had waded into the water to drink. Little Dolly sitting on the bars, in front of the house, with a boy's military cap on her head, sword in hand. Under this was a drawing of the Wood Nymph, by Palmer. It is the figure of a young girl with naked bust—her short dress lifted with her hand and filled with flowers, the other hand is on the breast, full of flowers, and a bird, sitting on her shoulder, dips its bill into buds,—it is spring.

Half an hour was spent in looking through this treasure of a child that we might never see again. Two younger brothers and a little sister stood gazing upon these mementoes; thoughtful, but without words, one by one crept off and sat down alone. He had made a drawing of his country's flag. In the center of the blue he had put an eagle, encircled by thirteen stars, and in an outer circle were twenty-one stars, the number added to the "Old Thirteen," forming the Union. Under this he had written, "If I fall, God helping me, it shall be with my feet to the foe."

Tears so dimmed my eyes that I could no longer turn over these relics, and they were placed in the satchel and hung on the wall. How many sad mothers gaze on these satchels that will hang on the wall forever,—for he who sent it will never return.

B. W. B.

Clouds.—We often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behooves us to take care that whatever cloud may spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look at the sunshine that broods behind it.—*Guesses at Truth.*

The dangers of knowledge are not to be compared to the dangers of ignorance. Those contemners of studies who say, with Mandeville, "If a horse knew as much as a man, I should not like to be his rider," ought to add, "If a man knew as little as a horse, I should not like to trust him to ride."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NIGHT IN THE CITY.

Sweeping noiselessly on wide spread, raven-like wings from the far western hills, where day's bright charioteer is calmly wrapping his twilight mantle around him, comes the ebon queen. Over the hill, the valley, the meadow, the field,—over the hall and the cot,—over the garden and bower,—hushing to calmest repose the gray haired sire, the patient matron, the hopeful youth, and the prattling child. As her sable wing rustles along, bird, and beast, and branch, and leaf, and folding flower, forget awhile its song, its task, its bloom. But now, with rapid flight she nears the busy haunts where wealth and poverty, luxury and want, pleasure and pain, power and weakness, love and hate, walk side by side,—unknown to each other, yet ever seeking, the one its followers, the other its victims. Oh wayward, many-voiced, soul-crowded city, night would have thee rest. Ah, who says rest? Now wealth illumes her gild d palace and quick invites the smiling siren, Pleasure. In her train comes song and dance, and merry mirth. Ah, joyous feast, where all these happy meet,—but none doth note how shrouded care comes too, and sits beside the board. Now, shame stalks barefaced through the darkened streets, and grinning with delight, ensnares its hapless victims. Here, in this lowly cot, prone on a ragged couch lies a pale mother. Five tattered children crowd around to watch how Death his struggling victim grasps, while o'er them hover those three fatal shadows—Want, Misery, and Despair,—cold and gaunt, waiting to devour. Come, child of innocent joy, and I will show thee other scenes. With shutters closely drawn, and curtains down, see 'round this table, filled with sparkling wine, men sit—or rather demons. Ho for a song! Now loud bacchanalian voices join the frantic chorus, and oath, and brandished knife, and clashing glass, proclaim that vice and folly hither came to crush out virtue and reason. Pass on,—'tis night, who will take note. See yonder pale light. High in his chamber sits the bending student pouring o'er his books,—the restless fire within those deeply sunken eyes, denotes a being shorn of rest. Another scene. Come we to this dim-lighted room,—here is a couch closely curtained around. Lift softly these and gaze. A beauteous maiden tossing on her tear-stained pillow. What are yonder fleeting visions: tearful grief, and startled peace, and wounded love. Poor child! night hath no rest for thee, nor day, nor life. Once more. See yonder cautious villain stealing towards that open window,—he has reached the sill, now creeping noiseless in,—follow. On this bed, buried in peaceful slumber, lies a strong young man. Did we not see a gleaming knife upraised. Hold, murderer!—too late—down plunges the fatal steel, and the warm life-blood gushes forth. One groan, one gasp, and darkness hides another victim—another crime—another fiend. Come away innocent child. *Oh night! Oh city!*

Michigan, June, 1861. Mrs. S. F. Haddock.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BORROWING AND LENDING.

Though much has already been said, yet may I not add my voice in favor of these much abused privileges? Not that I would uphold the class of persons who live *only* through the kindness of neighbors, without making any effort to obtain for themselves the comforts of life, but the sharing with the poor among us those blessings which we have in abundance, and which they are denied. Is it not a privilege, as well as a duty, to share our means of enjoyment with others? All the blessings we enjoy are only lent us for a while by our heavenly Father.

Especially in this matter of books and papers, we should consider it a pleasure to lend. Who does not love to see some eyes brighten, and some countenance light up with gratitude at the prospect of reading a book which they were not able to possess, and which must ever remain a sealed treasure to them, if every one was opposed to lending. And, after all, of what use are books and papers but to be distributed throughout the world? Are they published merely for the few to whom Dame Fortune has given the means to gratify every wish? No! they are to send forth their influence everywhere; to assist in rewarding virtue, and punishing crime; to bring joy to the hearts of the sorrowing, and encouragement to the weak and feeble; to raise up the poor and ignorant, and give them new hopes and loftier desires.

Then, let us lend our books, our papers,—let us scatter them among those who have not; let us sow the good seed with a lavish hand, that we may reap an abundant reward. Let us "give to him that asketh, and of him that would borrow, turn not away."

Ashtabula, Ohio, 1861. Carlie Mayne.

HUMAN DISTINCTION.

If there be one moral truth more clearly established than another—one, the proof of which, beyond all others, is constantly within and around us, and before our eyes—it would seem to be that which proclaims the hollowness and worthlessness of human distinctions; the artificial and conventional distinctions, that is, of birth and station, which men first create among themselves, and then fall down and worship. Every epoch of human life—every incident of human fortune—every phase of human existence, proclaims in language which stupidity itself can not fail to understand, that the human race is a brotherhood of common origin and liabilities, and that no height of genius, no extent of power, no acquisition of knowledge, can do away the community of subjection to infirmity, misfortune, disease, and death, which is the characteristic of mortal being. "There is no royal road to mathematics," said the pedagogue, when his royal pupil complained of geometrical hardships; the prince, alike with the peasant, must gather up the riches of science by the toil of his own brains, or not at all. The king or emperor, though he be autocrat of a hundred Russias, or, like Napoleon, lord paramount of sovereign vassals without number, must eat or he will die of hunger; must drink as often as the beggar to whom a cup of sour wine is an unfrequent luxury; is fatigued with even less exertion than the beggar; writhes in agony, like the simplest mortal, under the infliction of a raging toothache; if tickled, must needs laugh, at whatever cost of dignity; when attacked by illness, is fain to swallow the same nauseous drugs that bring health to lesser men; and finds at last no escape from death and corruption, not even in a royal tent, or a coffin of the richest and most costly wood, lined with purple velvet, and enriched with ornaments of burnished gold.—*John Inman.*

It is as great an absurdity to require of any critic that he should equal in execution even a work which he condemns, as to desire of the audience which hisses a piece of vocal music that they should instantly chant it in truer harmony themselves.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A PRAYER.

BY MYRTA MAY.

If always on the thorns my feet must tread,
And heavy clouds hang darkly o'er my head;
If all the sunshine from my life depart,
And cold, gray ashes lie upon my heart;
If all my hopes, like swift-winged birds, must fly,
And every flower of promise droop and die;
If always through a mist of gathering tears
My eyes watch sadly for the coming years,
Oh, Father, when Death's river I've passed o'er,
And my feet stand upon the *further* shore,
Shall not Thy seal upon my forehead be
"Perfect through suffering," purified by Thee?

Attica Center, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LOST.

Lost,—the wind murmurs it as it comes wailing and sighing, like the moanings of restless spirits. Every heart has some hidden chamber, sacred, not to the sunny hopes and glad out-gushings of our humanity, but to these withered branches that have been rudely broken from our tree of life. Though these hidden sepulchres may be covered with the moss of years, and no eye save our own can detect their portals, sometimes the angel will roll away the stone, and we go in and sit beside our buried treasures. We may guard them with a jealous care, and crush down every wail of sorrow that rises to our lips, yet, in the deepest recesses of our nature is ever chanted the requiem of the Lost.

Not alone does our own selfish nature bear the impress of vanished forms. The universe echoes to the cry that is wrung from our sorrow-stricken hearts. Literature and art cry out in vain for treasures that have passed away. Who could estimate the value of the Alexandrian Library? It contained the lore of ages,—yet the flames leaped, hissed, and cracked as though the demon of oblivion urged them on. Even now the student mourns over these lost mementoes of antiquity.

Who can tell the founders of the Pyramids? The mysterious Nile, that for centuries defied man to tell its source, is not the revealer of others' secrets. The worshipers of Isis have departed, and the goddess of silence has only silent devotees. The glory and pomp of that mystic religion is among the lost.

Who stands in the birth place of Plato and of Socrates, without comparing the Athens that *is*, with the Athens that has gone? Methinks the shades of Aristides and Pericles would weep over the departure of Athenian greatness. Once it might have been crowned the Queen city of art and song. Now its artists come from afar, and the voice of song has died away.

Where, even, are God's own chosen people? They that were led by the cloudy pillar and the nightly fire? They who listened to the thunderings from Sinai, and were indeed the children of the Living God? The scepter has departed from Judah, and her children, with the curse of God and man upon them, are scattered over the wide, wide world." Where rose the massive structure and gleaming towers of her splendid Temple, the Moslem crescent glitters in the sun. Where their white robed priests offered up their morning prayers and incense to heaven, now rises the cry "there is but one God and Mahomet is his Prophet." The winds that sweep the hills of Judea, have borne away to their secret haunts most precious treasures. Words fell from the lips of one bearing the impress of Divinity, of which no record was made. Perchance they unfolded the mysteries of our existence, and painted in glowing colors the spirit life that awaits us hereafter. But finite wisdom cannot fathom the Infinite, and we can never know *why* the words of Jesus of Nazareth are buried in that great sepulchre whereon is written the inscription "Lost."

Not alone on earth's changing things was the mournful record stamped. Even the sons of God, that "shouted for joy on Earth's creation morn," have known change. "And there was war in Heaven." We almost hear the clash of arms and see the burnished armor flashing back the sun rays that fall upon it. We hear the wail of despair mingled with the shouts of victory, and Lucifer, "Son of the morning," falls from the battlements of Heaven to his own dreary kingdom.

Why, then, need Earth's children murmur and lament, when Heaven itself was not exempt from change? Myriads of the human brotherhood turn from the good they have already grasped, vainly seeking for that which "might have been." Why go back and seek in the great charnel house of the past for treasures we can never find? Why mourn for dead Ideals, and pass living Realities by unnoticed? We know that

"Dead and gone is the old world's Ideal,
The old arts and old religions fled,
But we gladly live amid the Real,
And we seek a worthier Ideal.
Courage, brothers! God is overhead."

Rutland Co., Vt., 1861. Mrs. S. A. G——.

Why Christ Left no Image.—Four men who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote His life, but left no hint of His height, complexion, features, or any point that could help the mind to a personal image. Others wrote long epistles, of which he was the Alpha and Omega; but His form is as much kept out of view as the body of Moses, hidden by the Almighty in an undiscovered grave. The Christian tombs and relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the divine rested upon the early Church to permit of any attempt to paint the human as it appeared in Him.—*Rev. Wm. Arthur.*

Life's Balm.—God over all! How the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe on its mother's breast. No rebuff *there!* Ah! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to wait *His* time, instead of demanding our own imperative *now!* Could we sleep sweetly, and trust Him for the waking. Be the sky bright or cloudy, could we only *trust!* Ah! many a hard lesson must we learn, many a rebellious tear choke down, many a despairing "why hast thou forsaken me?" stifled, ere we can learn that sweet, tranquil lesson, "God over all!"

If none were to reprove the vicious excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world. Our Master could love the criminal while he hated the crime, but we his disciples, too often love the crime but hate the criminal. A perfect knowledge of the depravity of the human heart, with perfect pity for the infirmities of it, never co-existed but in one breast, and never will.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"No flag but the old flag — the red, white, and blue,
With the stars of a Union unbroken and true;
Arise and defend it! ye sons of the brave,
Whose blood bought the banner your valor must save."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 6, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The War Office at Washington.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *World* has given a very graphic description of movements in the various bureaus of the War Department. After speaking of the quiet reigning in this branch of Government during a peace, while all is bustle and activity in the other Departments, he says:

When battle *is* upon us, however, the War Office eclipses its rivals and becomes the center of affairs. And never so much as now; since never before has it ruled a campaign so wide, yet so close at hand, demanding such resources and growth of the army, and so transforming us from a common-place to a military people. The change, which in an instant came over the lethargic old office, when the first shrill blast of rebellion rang through the land, was as great as that which awoke "The Sleeping Palace," when the "fated fairy prince" wound the mystic bugle and broke the charm of Merlin's hundred years.

Nor is the change confined to the building known, *par eminence*, as the War Office. Opposite to its western end, across the street, are three houses, formerly private mansions, now devoted to department business, and at the present time bustling with activity. The largest, called "Winder's Building," is occupied by Col. Ripley, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance; Col. B. F. Larned, Paymaster General; Major Finley, Surgeon General; Gen. Totten, chief of the Engineering Bureau; Col. Abert, chief of the Topographical Department, with their multitudinous assistants and clerks. The edifice is a comb of military honey. From it exude all sorts of orders for shot, shell, guns, Paixhans, Dahlgrens, and Petards, pay, plans, roads, and hospital supplies. Next door are the head-quarters of Gen. Mansfield, chief of the Department of Washington. Business commences here long before the red-tapists get to work of mornings in the war office itself; in fact, it never ceases by day or night.

The sun is not long up before Mansfield, who stands so high in the confidence of the army, is at his desk, courteously bowing white hairs to those who come for passes and protection, and receiving reports from, and giving orders to, hundreds of spruce young officers who ride clattering up to the door. A dozen of their horses are always standing in front of these quarters, gay with trappings and fresh from the outposts of those purple Virginia hills across the Potomac. Not so many crowd to the building still further along; its entry is sacred, not to be trodden by every epauletted youth, since it leads to the "Head-quarters of the Army of the United States," and the rooms of Lieut. Gen. Scott himself. People have already heard of the late and early labors of the veteran. Cabinet officers defer to his knowledge and fame. The President himself can receive no more respect. Sometimes the old lion rises to his feet and walks slowly from his lair to consult with the Secretary of War in the latter's own apartments; but more often the minister compliments the years and greatness of the soldier by paying the visit himself, and matters of grave and thoughtful import follow the greetings of each day.

But it is nine o'clock in the morning, and we will leave the commander-in-chief, cross the street, and enter by well worn steps the west corridor of the War Office. On the right and left are the rooms of the new Quartermaster General, Col. Meigs and his subordinates. The eastern half of the same floor is occupied by the bureaus of Col. George Gibson and Lieut. Col. Joseph P. Taylor, (brother of "Rough and Ready") the Commissary General of Subsistence, and his assistants. It is from this floor, consequently, that all orders relating to equipments, transportation, and food emanate, for the entire army. But two other kinds of business are transacted on this story. The first is a brisk sale of cookies and apples by the old black woman who has for so many years kept her table at the foot of the central staircase. The second is of a more novel nature. Within a closed apartment, near the center of the building, three men pass many hours daily in silently unfolding and perusing long, narrow, mysterious rolls of paper. They are the Commissioners appointed for the secret examination of the year's telegraphic records lately seized by Government. These individuals gravely and imperturbably pursue their task, and think no more, by this time, of discovering a traitor *per diem*, than your English squires of unearthing a bush-tailed fox.

The arrangement of the second story is as simple as that of the first. In the western half, Mr. Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas supervises all details of army appointments and general orders. The eastern half is devoted to the bureau of the Secretary of War, with his chief clerk and assistants. In the middle a room is set apart for the library of the Department, where Mr. Cobb, the librarian, furnishes books for the use of all commissioned officers resident in town, and varies his duties by dispensing the courtesies of the office to all deserving visitors. At an early hour each day General Cameron stops in this room a moment—before passing on to his own cabinet—looking as fresh and alert as though he did not have to read a bushel of dispatches and append a hundred signatures every morning and afternoon. His tall, thin, wiry Scotch frame, is full of nervous and muscular vigor. What few words he says are uttered, and his cane is carried, with a decision of manner strongly akin to that remembered of Andrew Jackson; yet his bearing is that of a polished gentleman of the old school. Stopping in the library but a moment he moves rapidly along through the hungry crowd of applicants in the hall to his own retired apartment. Three rooms are *en suite* with it, and in these is often gathered such a group of officers high in rank, with the Commander-in-Chief at their head, as one sees only in Washington, and only during the progress of a grand campaign.

But O, that crowd of applicants without! O, that patient, persistent throng of place-seekers, contractors, pensioners, jobbers, would-be captains and colonels! Rich and poor, schemers and honest men, all mingled together, each insisting that his business is of special importance to the department, and vainly entreating the Cerberus in the entry to present his card and request for an interview to the Secretary of War. How the speculators swarm! What hundreds are ready to make patriotic sacrifices, to supply, for a consideration, beef, pork, flour, and Pennsylvania uniforms, in any amount which the army may require. The March influx of western office-seekers upon the White House was not half so dreadful. And then the patience of these men! Many are suitors in that entry for half a dozen successive weeks, from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M. daily, pacing to and fro without getting a word with the Secretary, yet never leaving their beat except to buy a lunch from the old black lady below, when noontide reminds them of their humanity.

So much of the daily scene at the War Department in war time. But, as the visitor turns down the staircase for his departure, a sound greets his ear more suggestive of the wonders of the time than all the phases of thought and action which have met his vision. The "click, click, click" of a telegraphic index, is heard from behind a newly-made partition across the platform of the grand staircase. What a marvel, that from that narrow room messengers should diverge, not only to every camp of soldiers within bird's-eye view, but to every State in the vast North, to every army division, to every general commander, swifter than thought, bearing orders that shall decide a nation's liberties, bringing notices of a hundred hourly movements to the minds that have this sacred struggle in their charge.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

THE VIRGINIANS DESPISED BY THE MISSISSIPPIANS.—In the editorial correspondence of the Vicksburg *Whig*, under date of Richmond, June 8, are the following significant broad hints at the contempt which the Virginia troops and their leaders have inspired in the South-western portion of the Confederate army:

RICHMOND, June 8, 1861.

DEAR WHIG:—Although I have been here at the headquarters of the Government, mingling socially with the various officers of the departments, I hear less news than we were in the habit of receiving every day at home. Every officer is on a "war footing," so to speak, and keeps his own counsel.

There have been several skirmishes on the border of Virginia, between the State troops and Federal forces. The particulars have been published at length in the papers of this city, and in spite of the favorable construction given to each affair by the press of their own State, they reflect anything but credit upon the Virginia troops. I am not aware how these matters are looked upon at headquarters, but I know that the officers and troops from the South-west regard the conduct of the Virginia troops as extremely discreditable to say the least.

It has become very evident that if Virginia is to be rid of the Federal forces, the troops from other Southern States will have it to do. The Virginians are entirely solicitous of their own comfort. On each occasion, where they have been attacked by the invaders, they have allowed themselves to be surprised. At Fairfax Court House the United States troops actually got within the lines of the Virginians, and were taken for friends instead of enemies. At Phillippa the negligence and inefficiency of the officers were still more glaring.

THE VIRGINIA PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.—The New Orleans *True Delta* has an interesting letter from its special correspondent at Richmond. Though reaching us in such a round-about way, it is nearly as late as anything from newspaper sources which we have direct from Virginia. It is certainly as important, and reads as though it were reliable:

"I am persuaded that within the six weeks past the strategy of the Confederate Government has undergone a change—or at least that it has been caused to take on the appearance of change. All eyes are at present turned towards Manassas Junction. The enemy has massed some 20,000 or 25,000 troops at and about Alexandria, and their numbers, at last accounts, were increasing by constant arrivals by land and river. It is apprehended that they mean to attack us at Manassas Junction, where we had yesterday about 10,000, increased perhaps to 15,000 men, under Gen. Bonham, which were being rapidly reinforced from this city. Civil and military men here differ, however, as to the designs of the enemy in that direction. Some regard the demonstration at Alexandria as a hint to make important movements elsewhere, perhaps upon Norfolk, or Yorktown, or Acquia Creek, or Harper's Ferry, or some other point.

"But Gen. Lee, who is by no means a man to jump hastily to conclusions, appears to put a literal construction on it. He proceeded in person to Manassas Junction to-day, pretty fully convinced that 'by the act' of Lincoln's troops—as our Congress word their war declarations—it was soon to be the scene of a sharp and bloody contest. But there is no telling. Before this reaches you the telegraph may tell you that the enemy continues to pursue a policy of gradual and almost imperceptible invasion, accompanied by a succession of small losses and irritations inflicted upon the Confederate army, until, to save its prestige at home and abroad, and to save itself from utter disaster, it will be compelled, somehow and somewhere, to force a trial of conclusion in a great and decisive pitched battle.

"The massing of Southern troops at various important positions still goes on vigorously. Richmond is the general rendezvous for incoming volunteers, whence, as soon as inspected and properly outfitted for active duty, they are distributed where they seem most needed. According to a rough estimate, I think that there are, at this moment, in active service in Virginia, about 50,000 Confederate troops, namely: about 8,000 at or near Manassas Junction, about 5,000 at Frederick and Acquia Creek, about 12,000 at Norfolk and its neighborhood, about 6,000 at Yorktown and Williamsburg, about 14,000 at Harper's Ferry. Of this aggregate, nearly all, exclusive of the force at Harper's Ferry, are so posted that they could be concentrated by railroad at any point between Norfolk and Alexandria within 24 hours. About 40,000, I should think, might be flung almost at once upon the enemy, wherever he might plant himself along the line. But to mass that number at a given point, might leave too scant a force along the seaboard and bays constantly menaced by the enemy's ships-of-war and transports for landing troops. You see, then, where is the difficulty. With his ships on one side and his numbers on the other, the enemy aims to outflank us, and make it hazardous to attempt a combined movement upon his center. I see nothing for it but to swell our numbers as rapidly as possible, and hold him in check on the right, that is, toward the sea, while we turn his flank on the left, and overthrow him in the center."

THE CAPTURED PRIVATEERS — A THREAT OF VENGEANCE. — The Charleston *Mercury* grows furious over the thought that the crew of the privateer Savannah are in danger of a pirate's doom, and declares:—"Let one of these men perish, and we look to the authorities at Richmond for immediate and bloody retribution. We look to them, and we shall expect them to settle a strict account of blood for blood. If a hair of the head of a single man of this crew be injured, South Carolina will demand that the outrage be atoned for—an eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth — a life for a life. Aye, and she will have it — no more and no less; on the battle field and after the battle. Let one of these, her citizens, commissioned in her cause, perish as a pirate, and woe to the enemy who falls into our hands. Humanity and justice, no less than the cause itself, will compel to prompt and ample retribution; and the sooner this is understood, the better for all parties to the war. Civilized warfare will be met in kind; savage warfare will compel savage warfare. The North can make it either. Let them now decide."

WANTED — A FAIR FIELD. — The Southern *Confederacy* says, that "on no ground, as yet, has the foul invader dared to venture where their enraged and burning soldiery can meet him in a fair and open fight." The experiences at Grafton, Phillippa, Romney, and Harper's Ferry demonstrate that their "enraged and burning soldiery" are so much better at retreating than the Federal troops are at marching, as not to afford an opportunity for a "fair field and open fight."

PARSON BROWNLOW ON JEFF. DAVIS.—Mr. Jefferson Davis earned his first financial laurels as a repudiator. He sheared the golden fleece from Rothchilds and the Peabodys with the unequalled dexterity with which he fleeced the State of Mississippi, that State, through him, invulnerable under the ægis of the National Government, pocketing the proceeds in perfect safety. The qualities which he exhibited in this performance, have since shone forth in sundry notable schemes of squeezing rich men, and of plundering banks under his force loan system, by means of which he hopes to get at least a start in his Southern crusade. But he has now struck up a new idea, more brilliant than that of repudiation, and likely to give him a fame more enduring than that which he derived from earlier exploits. He is economising his bullion by coining quarters and half dollars of baser metals, such as copper and zinc, which are stamped, not only with the devices of the United States, but the characteristic letter which distinguished the New Orleans coin is omitted, in order to make the fraud more difficult of detection. How natural it is that a counterfeit President should issue counterfeit coin! When President Davis threatened the North with an avalanche of Southern lead, it did not occur to him that he would want it to make money of to pay off his hordes of soldiers!

Proclamation of Louis Napoleon.

THE last arrival from Europe brings the proclamation of neutrality respecting our difficulties issued by the Emperor Napoleon. It is contained in the *Moniteur* as follows:

His Majesty, the Emperor of the French, taking into consideration the state of peace which exists between France and the United States of America, has resolved to maintain a strict neutrality in the struggle between the government of the Union and the States which propose to form a saperate confederation

In consequence his Majesty, considering Article fourteen of the naval law of August, 1861, the third Article of the law of the 10th of April, 1825, Article eighty-four and eighty-five of the Penal Code, sixty-five and following of the Decree of the 24th of March, 1852, 313 and the following of the *Code Penal Maritime*, and Article twenty-one of the *Code Napoleon*,

Declares:

1. No vessel of war or privateer of either of the belligerent parties will be allowed to enter or stay with prizes in our ports or roadsteads longer than 24 hours, excepting in case of compulsory delay (*relache forcee.*)

2. No sale of goods belonging to prizes is allowed in our ports and roadsteads.

3. Every Frenchman is prohibited from taking a commission under either of the two parties to arm vessels of war, or to accept letters of marque for privateering purposes, or to assist in any manner whatsoever the equipment or armament of a vessel of war or privateer of either party.

4. Every Frenchman, whether residing in France or abroad, is likewise prohibited from enlisting or taking service either in the land army or on board vessels of war or privateers of either of the two belligerents.

5. Frenchmen residing in France or abroad must likewise abstain from any act which, committed in violation of the laws of the Empire, or of the international law, might be considered as an act hostile to one of the two parties, and contrary to the neutrality which we have resolved to observe. All persons acting contrary to the prohibition and recommendations contained in the present declaration will be prosecuted, if required, conformably to the enactments of the law of the 10th of April, 1825, and of articles 84 and 85 of the Penal Code, without prejudice to the application that might be made against such offenders of the enactments of the 21st Article of the Code Napoleon, and of Articles 65 and following of the 24th March, 1852, on the merchant service, 313 and following of the Penal Code for the navy.

His Majesty declares, moreover, that every Frenchman contravening the present enactments, will have no claim to any protection from this government against any acts or measures whatever they may be, which the belligerents might exercise or decree.

NAPOLEON.

THOUVENEL, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Privateers — Lord John Russell's Letter.

THE following is a copy of the letter laid before the House of Commons by Lord John Russell with respect to privateers and British ports:

FOREIGN OFFICE, June 1, 1861.

To the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty:

My Lords — Her Majesty's government are, as you are aware, desirous of observing the strictest neutrality in the contest which appears to be imminent between the United States and the so-styled Confederate States of North America; and with the view more effectually to carry out this principle, they propose to interdict the armed vessels, and also the privateers of both parties from carrying prizes made by them into ports, harbors, roadsteads, or waters of the United Kingdom, or any of her Majesty's colonies or possessions abroad.

I have accordingly to acquaint your lordships that the Queen has been pleased to direct that orders, in conformity with the principle above stated, should forthwith be addressed to all proper authorities in the United Kingdom, and to her Majesty's naval and other authorities in all quarters beyond the United Kingdom, for their guidance in the circumstances.

I have, &c., J. RUSSELL.

Similar letters have been addressed to the Secretaries of State, of India, War, and the Colonies.

Balloon Reconnoisance and Ærial Telegraph.

ON the 18th June, Prof. Lowe made a balloon ascent at Washington, for the purpose of trying whether balloons could be used successfully in making military reconnoisances, and telegraphing to the earth the results of the observations taken above. Prof. Lowe was accompanied by Gen. Burns, of the Telegraph Company, and H. C. Robinson, operator. The first message was then sent to the President. It was as follows:

BALLOON ENTERPRISE, Washington, June 17.

To the President of the United States:

Sir: This point of observation commands an area nearly fifty miles in diameter. The city, with its girdle of encampments, presents a superb scene. I take great pleasure in sending you this first dispatch ever telegraphed from an ærial station, and in acknowledging my indebtedness to your encouragement for the opportunity of demonstrating the availability of the science of æronautics in the military service of the country.

Yours, respectfully, T. S. C. LOWE.

The wire of the telegraph was reeled off as the balloon ascended, and was connected with an instru-



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE WEST.

THE portion of territory owned and occupied by "Uncle Sam," (and which the old gentleman has not the least idea of relinquishing,) known in the War Office as the "Department of the West," is embraced, to a considerable extent, in our Map. The exciting events of the past few weeks in Missouri have served to render that State an object of intense interest to those who are watching the course of the present rebellion against Federal authority. That our readers may be enabled to post themselves thoroughly, and correctly, as to the positions of the conflicting elements, we furnish a diagram of Missouri, together with portions of Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, showing the important towns, rivers, &c.

The traitorous policy of CLAIBORNE JACKSON, Governor of Missouri, and which that worthy recently attempted to develop, roused the energies of Gen. LYON, commander of the U. S. forces, and he immediately determined upon crushing out the spirit of rebellion. Jefferson City, the Capital of the State, was occupied by him on the 15th, JACKSON having fled therefrom precipitately two days previous. The next we heard from the rebel Governor, his men were receiving a thrashing from Gen. L. at Booneville, higher up the Missouri river. Booneville is the county seat of Cooper county. Arrow Rock, which the State authorities were at first inclined to occupy, is still further up the Missouri river, and situated in Saline county. It must be noted that the counties of Cooper, Howard, Saline, Pettis, Lafayette, Jackson, and Clay, with a few others, contain the bulk of the slave population of the State, and are supposed to be the strongest secession counties. The land is rich, and yields large crops of tobacco, hemp, corn, and wheat. Syracuse, of which the Federal troops, under Gen. LYON, also took possession, is twenty-five miles below Booneville, Mo., where the battle of the 17th occurred, has but a few hundred inhabitants, and is only important from being a railroad and telegraph station and post-office.

Running from St. Louis will be observed the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad, terminating at Rolla, 149 miles from St. Louis. This road is designed to pass through Springfield, 146 miles further southwest, and is projected to the Granby lead mines. The other Pacific railroad route is by Sedalia. The Pacific Railroad bridges at Gasconade and Osage rivers, were burned by order of the Governor on the morning of the 12th. The Gasconade bridge was about 1,200 feet long, and the Osage bridge about 1,500 feet. The former is the most damaged. It was the scene of a terrible accident in 1855, by which several of the first citizens of St. Louis were killed. The Osage bridge was partly destroyed in May, at the time of the fight in Jefferson City, caused by the capture of Camp Jackson. Lexington, the county seat of Lafayette county, is the fifth or sixth town in population in the State. It is situated on the Missouri river, and is approachable within sixty miles by railroad, over good roads, or by river. It is a secession hot-bed, and has been the scene of many outrages on Union men. Probably this place is now occupied by Federal troops from Kansas and from St. Louis. Kansas City is a flourishing town farther up the river, and a rival of St. Joseph and Leavenworth in its location for the trade of the plains. The United States military stores and supplies for New Mexico and Utah were formerly sent from here. A few weeks ago a gang of secessionists broke into the Government buildings and seized a quantity of rifles and military stores, destined for the plains. Since then the depot has been removed to Fort Leavenworth. Kansas City has a large population of loyal citizens. The latter place is well known as the chief city of Kansas. It is loyal to the Union, and is the location of Camp Lincoln, where a portion of the Kansas regiments are encamped. Liberty, Mo., near St. Joseph, is the site of one of the United States Arsenals lately robbed by the rebels.

Fort Smith, Arkansas, was seized by the secessionists at an early stage in our troubles. The concentration of U. S. troops in and about Kansas City, together with the accumulation of army stores, and means of transportation, would seem to indicate the chances for a fire in the rear of some of the seceding States as excellent. Through Kansas and the Indian Territory pasturage is good, water plenty, and a few thousand troops thrown in Arkansas at or in the vicinity of this fort, acting in concert with a large body moving down the Mississippi, would give the Little Rock and Memphis traitors fully as much of the war fever as they desire.

Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and St. Louis, Mo., are the grand military points in the Western Department. The number of U. S. troops now quartered at each place is large, and the force is daily augmented. What will be their peculiar duties in the suppression of the rebellion, and where they will be called upon to strike the traitors, cannot be surmised; but it is evident,—from the known stamina of the men, and the alacrity with which they have responded to the call of their country,—when their blows do fall, treason, in all its hideousness, will be annihilated.

ment on the ground and another in the balloon. Of course there is no difficulty in maintaining telegraphic communication in this manner; but so far as we know, this is the first time a telegraphic message was sent from a balloon, and on that account it is very interesting.

The elevation attained is stated to have been moderate, but it is said to have been satisfactory to the President and several members of the War Department. We believe that in calm weather balloon reconnoisances are perfectly practicable under competent management.

Capture of a Rebel Privateer.

ONE of Jeff. Davis' privateers, the Savannah, of Charleston—to which the first letter of marque was issued—after a running fight, has been captured by the United States brig Perry, about fifty miles from Charleston harbor. The Savannah is a schooner-rigged vessel of fifty-four tuns burden, and was formerly engaged as a pilot boat. At the time of her capture she was armed with an 18-pounder amidships, and had on board an ample supply of shot and shell, grape and canister, while her crew were provided with knives, cutlasses, pistols, rifles, &c. She was also well provisioned for a protracted cruise, altho' at the time of her capture she had been out of port only about thirty-six hours, during which period, however, she had taken as a prize the brig Joseph, of Rockland, Maine, and sent her to Georgetown, S. C. The piratical craft left Charleston harbor under the command of Captain Baker, with a crew of about twenty-five men. Shortly afterwards she fell in with the brig Joseph, from Cardena, Cuba, with a cargo of sugar, consigned to Welch & Co., of Philadelphia. By an artful arrangement of the colors on board the Savannah, the Captain of the brig was induced to believe that the piratical craft was in distress, and went on board, when he was held as a prisoner, and his vessel seized as a prize, and as such a prize crew of eight men was put on board to take her into Georgetown harbor. Before the Savannah and her prize had fairly parted company, the brig Perry hove in sight, and by disguising her real character, her guns being purposely run back and her port holes closed, she was doubtless mistaken for another prospective prize by the pirates, who immediately made all sail they could, and came within a short distance of the Perry before they discovered that they were sold, when they put about and tried hard to escape. The Perry gave chase, and fired several shots to bring the pirate to. The latter fired four shots in return, which passed over the Perry without doing any damage. After a chase of about six hours, the Perry hauled up close to the piratical schooner and ordered her to heave to, which she did, when men from the Perry, under command of Lieut. J. N. Miller, boarded her. The officers and crew of the Savannah then came forward and surrendered themselves as prisoners. They were taken on board the Perry and put in irons, and the Savannah was placed in charge of a prize crew, with Midshipman McCook in command, who brought her to New York; while the brig Perry transferred her prisoners to the United States frigate Minnesota, lying off Charleston harbor.

On the back of a document called a Letter of Marque, found on board the Savannah, is this endorsement:—"Letter of Marque No. 1," and reads as follows:

"Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, to all who shall see these presents, greeting:

"Know ye that by virtue of the power vested in me by law, I have commissioned, and do hereby commission, have authorized, and do authorize, the schooner or vessel called the Savannah, (more particularly described in the schedule herewith annexed,) whereof T. Harrison Baker is commander, to act as a private armed vessel in the service of the Confederate States, on the high seas, against the United States of America, their ships, vessels, goods and effects, and those of their citizens, during the pendency of the war now existing between the said Confederate States and the said United States; this commission to continue in force until revoked by the President of the Confederate States for the time being. Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States, at Montgomery, this 18th day of May, A. D., 1861.
By the President, JEFFERSON DAVIS.
R. TOOMBS, Secretary of State."

The Department of the West.

THE following proclamation has been issued by Gen. McClellan to the soldiers of the army of the West:

You are here to support the government of your country, and to protect the lives and liberties of your brethren, threatened by a rebellious and traitorous foe. No higher or nobler duty could devolve on you; and I expect you to bring to its performance the highest and noblest qualities of soldiers—discipline, courage, and mercy. I call upon all officers, of every grade, to enforce the highest discipline, and I know that those of all grades, privates and officers, will display in battle cool heroic courage, and will know how to show mercy to a disarmed enemy. Bear in mind that you are in the country of friends, not of enemies—that you are here to protect, not to destroy. Take nothing, destroy little, unless you are ordered to do so by your general officers. Remember that I have pledged my word to the people of Western Virginia that their rights in person and property shall be respected. I ask every one of you to make good this promise in its broadest sense. We have come here to save, not to upturn.

I do not appeal to fear of punishment, but to your appreciation of the sacredness of the cause in which we are engaged. Carry into battle the conviction that you are right, and that God is on your side. Your enemies have violated every moral law. Neither God nor man can sustain them. They have, without cause, rebelled against a mild and paternal government. They have seized upon public and private property. They have outraged the persons of Northern men, merely because they came from the North; and of Southern Union men, merely because they loved the Union. They have placed themselves beneath contempt. Unless they can retrieve some honor on the field of battle, you will pursue a different course. You will be honest, brave and merciful. You will respect the right of private opinion. You will punish no man for opinion's sake.

Show to the world that you differ from our enemies in these points of honor, honesty and respect for private opinion, and that we inaugurate no reign of terror where we go.

Soldiers, I have heard that there was danger here. I have come to place myself at your head and share it with you. I fear now but one thing, that you will not find foemen worthy of your steel. I know that I can rely upon you. (Signed)
Maj. Gen. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Commanding.

Rev. T. Ramsey, missionary, left for Gallipot, Cherokee nation, on the 26th of June, and reports that Ben. McCullough and Albert Pike, of Arkansas, had been there urging, unsuccessfully, the chief to reconsider the position taken in his proclamation. They had left for the Creek nation hoping to get aid from them. Pike had an escort of 75 men. John Ross, Chief of the Cherokee Indians, in a proclamation to his people, reminds them of the obligations arising under their treaties with the United States, and urging them to their faithful observance, and earnestly impresses upon all the propriety of attending to their ordinary avocations, and abstaining from unprofitable discussion of events transpiring in the States, cultivating harmony among themselves, and the observance of good faith with the States threatening civil war, by which means alone can the Cherokee people hope to maintain their rights, and be spared the effect of devastating war. Hoping that there may yet be a compromise or peaceful separation, he admonishes them to be prudent, and not to be carried away by any act or policy calculated to destroy or endanger their rights. By honestly adhering to this course, no just cause for aggression or concession will be given; and in the final adjustment between the States, the nation will be in a situation to retain and claim their rights. He earnestly impresses upon the Cherokee people the importance of non-interference, and trusts that God will keep from their borders the desolation of war, and stay the ravages among the brotherhood of States.

Mr. G. Gallaher, of Kentucky, late confidential clerk of the Secretary of the Treasury, has been appointed Collector of the port of New Orleans, and leaves Washington for Cairo immediately. He will accompany our army in its progress down the Mississippi, and there can be no doubt that his appointment and departure for that point indicates an advance at the earliest moment. He does not expect to reach the New Orleans Custom House for some weeks, but will move southwardly with the flag, restoring the commercial relations of the Union and sealing up all the lines of transportation to the rebels as he proceeds.

The St. Louis Democrat learns from citizens of Lexington, who have arrived there, that the news of the defeat of the State forces at Booneville, has alarmed the rebels of Lafayette and adjoining counties, and also state that the moderate rebels of Lexington are now anxious to testify their allegiance to the United States Government, and secure peace and order in the State. The Mayor of Lexington, who is a violent rebel, has left the city, and his successor, a good Union man, proclaims his determination to preserve law and order, and protect the rights of all classes of citizens, in which he is sustained by the almost unanimous voice of the people.

It is not thought that Gen. Lyon will proceed further up the river, but to the South-west, where, in conjunction with Col. Seigel, commanding at Springfield, he will invite battle with Ben. McCullough, or any other man, in command of the Arkansas troops.

An expedition, under command of Col. Morgan, sent from Cairo to Little River, Mo., to capture some rebels reported encamped there, returned this evening, after a march of 40 miles. The rebels had fled—having, it is thought, been informed of the approach of the United States troops. The town through which Col. Morgan passed was almost entirely deserted. Three prominent rebel leaders were arrested and brought to camp.

Five companies of cavalry, six companies of infantry and dragoons, and ten companies of volunteers, in all about 1,600 men, with one battery, under command of Maj. S. T. Sturges, left Kansas City, on the 24th ult., for South-western Missouri.

The following was received in Cincinnati, on the 27th, by a navy officer who had telegraphed Gen. McClellan for information as to the authenticity of the reported arrangement between him and the Governor of Kentucky.

GRAFTON, Va., June 26.
Capt. W. Wilson, U. S. Navy:
My interview with Gen. Butler was personal, not official. It was solicited by him more than once. I made no stipulation on the part of the general government, and regard his voluntary promise to drive out the confederate troops as the only result of the interview.
His letter gives his own views, not mine.
(Signed) G. B. MCCLELLAN.

Major General Pillow issues two proclamations in the Memphis Bulletin of the 24th—one recalls the order that whisky and tobacco be distributed with rations. He says he gave the order on his own responsibility, supposing the military board would allow it, knowing the soldiers were gents and used to plenty of whisky and tobacco.

The other proclamation says all debts due the North are by law now due the State, and are declared seized and sequestered, and in reprisal for illegal seizure by the people and government of the North. All banks are required to state what amount of their stock is owned by the enemies of the State, and merchants, brokers, bankers, and others, also indebted, are required to report to the Adjutant General, and in the meantime are ordered to pay such indebtedness to the State only.

One thousand two hundred and twenty Union men in Johnson county, Mo., have formed a regiment under Col. Grover, for the purpose of being sworn into the service of the United States, and acting as a home guard throughout the State. They are constantly drilling, and Gol. Grover is in Booneville to secure arms from Gen. Lyon for them. He also reports that 800 are organized in Peltis county, and 600 in Cass. Two hundred of the Peltis county men arrived here to-day as a convoy to take arms back with them.

One hundred and thirty men arrived at Booneville on the 28th ult., from Georgetown and Sedalia, Peltis county, for the purpose of being sworn into the United States service as home guards, and to serve in this State. They are Americans. Seventy more from the same county are expected to-morrow. Large bodies of men in Johnson county are preparing to take the same steps. They will all be sworn in and receive arms as soon as possible. Gen. Lyon is still here. It is thought he will soon take his departure with a large force, but his purpose has not transpired.

Department of the East.

THE whole number of troops in Virginia (rebel) is estimated at 80,000, of which 55,000 are armed and may be considered reasonably effective, but not over 25,000 of these can be concentrated at a given point. The largest number now at any one point is about 18,000—at Manassas Junction. Of the whole number of troops, at least one-third are mounted men, well appointed and valuable. They are quietly and secretly concentrating troops at Yorktown, where they have already 9,000. The number at Richmond does not exceed 6,000. Norfolk is regarded as impregnable. They do not intend or expect to make a stand against the Government troops at any point. They will hold position at Manassas Junction a short time after an attack. It is not their purpose to engage with us in a pitched battle, but to harrass and pick off our men in guerrilla warfare.

According to information received, the advance body of Beauregard's army is camped from Springfield to Fairfax Court House. Between the Railroad and Little River, is the territory occupied by them, the most part of which is a dense forest, and thus the camps are concealed as much as possible. Into this labyrinth they no doubt wish to seduce the Federal troops. Premises of the farmers in the vicinity are ransacked, and everything in the shape of grain seized, and no equivalent rendered.

The term of service of one of the South Carolina regiments in Beauregard's advance corps, is out, and it is said they are not anxious to re-enlist, but will hardly refuse in the presence of any enemy.

The member of the 1st South Carolina regiment, Col. Greig, captured on the 29th ult., by the pickets of the second regiment, was brought before General Tyler, to whom he made a statement. His name is Benj. B. Brooks, and is evidently a very intelligent man. He is a native of Maine, but has resided sometime in Columbia, S. C. At the outbreak of the rebellion he entered in an artillery company, in which he served during the bombardment of Fort Sumter. He states that the rebels at Vienna, Fairfax, Centreville, and other points between the Union lines and Manassas Junction, number about 6,000, consisting of the 1st, 3d, 5th, and a portion of both South Carolina regiments, the 5th Alabama, and the crack Zouave regiment from New Orleans, arrived only a few days ago, and a number of cavalry and artillery companies. Two South Carolina regiments, with the Prince William and Black House Cavalry, and Alexandria Artillery company were at Fairfax.

All the roads leading in the direction of Washington have been obstructed by cuts, barricades of trees, &c. The rebels are hourly in expectation of an attack by the Union troops, and have slept on their arms for the last ten days.

The time for which Col. Greig's regiment enlisted expired on the 1st inst. The prisoner stated positively that owing to the bad treatment that the troops had received, that not half a dozen would remain. A meeting was held a few days ago, and an almost unanimous dispositian was manifested among the officers to return home. The food of the rebels consists mainly of hard bread and bacon. Fresh meat is dealt out about once a week. The troops received about two month's pay in Virginia script, which has a sort of forced circulation. Gen. Beauregard was at Manassas Junction night before last. The fact that his best troops occupy the advance posts, indicate a determination to dispute every inch of ground.

About 400 of the 8th S. C. regiment are down with the measles, at the Junction.

The steamer Pawnee arrived at the Washington Navy Yard on the 28th ult., bringing interesting but painful intelligence from Matthias Point. According to the statement of persons in the expedition, Capt. Ward, of the Trenton, yesterday obtained from Capt. Rowan, of the Pawnee, a reinforcement of about 20 men, and united with others from his own vessel, comprising between 30 and 40 men in all. They started in several cutters for Matthias, taking with them about 250 bags, which were filled with sand on the shore, and with which earthworks were soon erected. The proceedings were under the direction of Lieut. Chaplin. While in the act of returning to the Freeborn, for the purpose, it is stated, of obtaining cannon for the battery, a force of Confederate troops, variously estimated at from 1200 to 1300, suddenly emerged from the thick woods in which they had been concealed, and poured a volley of shot into the Federal party, who made a hasty retreat. Several of the men jumped into the water, swimming to the Freeborn. Capt. Ward, on the Freeborn, protected his men as far as possible with his guns, firing twelve or thirteen shot among the rebels, but with what effect it is not ascertained. While in the act of firing a gun, after it was said the gunner had been wounded, Capt. Ward was struck by a bullet, and in the course of an hour thereafter died from internal hemorrhage. A sailor, named Wm. J. Bess, was wounded in four places, and it is feared mortally. Several others were also wounded. Among them, Jacob Williams, the coxswain, a ball entering his thigh. The flag he carried was completely riddled. The men all reached the vessels without further damage.

It is said that after the Federal forces retreated from Matthias Point, the breastworks were immediately occupied by the confederates.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, George P. Kane, Marshal of the Police of Baltimore, was arrested at his house by order of Gen. Banks, and conveyed to Fort McHenry, where he is now held a prisoner. Gen. Banks has issued a proclamation naming John B. Kenly, of the Maryland regiment, as Provost Marshal, superseding also the powers of the Police Commissioners. Kenly is to exercise supreme control over the Police Department until some known loyal citizen is appointed to act as Marshal. The proclamation gives as a reason for the arrest of Kane, that he is known to be aiding and abetting those in armed rebellion against the Government, and is at the head of an armed force, which he has used to conceal rather than to detect acts of treason to the Government.

A search of Marshal Kane's quarters was instituted, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition found secreted in the cellar, in the walls beneath the floor. A case of valuable pistols, and over 800 rifles, 25 of which were Minie, were found also. Several were supposed to have belonged to the Massachusetts soldiers who were disarmed by the mob on the 19th. Immense quantities of percussion caps, estimated at one million, were found; also 3,100 ball cartridges and 600 long ball Minie cartridges. Various other warlike articles, including balls for the steam gun, were found. The search is still progressing. It is supposed that a considerable quantity of arms will be found secreted at the various station houses.

Two guns, 12-pounders, were seized at Denmead's Foundry, and taken to Fort McHenry. They had been sent to the foundry by Col. Hager, who was in command of the military of the city after the affair of April 19. Other arms were seized, amounting in the aggregate to 280. They were concealed to prevent their seizure by Gen. Butler when he had possession of the city. All the arms seized have been carried to Fort McHenry, under orders of Gen. Butler. There seems to have been plot and counterplot so far as arms are concerned, since April 19.

On the 28th Gen. Banks issued an order, directing Col. Kenly, in reply to the protest of the Police Commissioners, in which he says:—"You will take special notice that in the proclamation of this day, neither the law, nor the officers appointed to execute the laws, are interfered with in any manner whatever, except as it operates on the members of the Board of Commissioners and Chief of the Police. Every officer and man, with the exception of the persons above named, will be continued in service in the position they now hold, unless they shall refuse. In such case the Provost Marshal is to select others to fill their places."

Among the articles found at Marshal Kane's office was a 12-pound cannon ball, bearing the inscription, "From Fort Sumpter, to Marshal Kane."

Affairs at Washington.

ALREADY practical measures of legislation are being prepared. Senator Wilson, it is understood, has been in consultation with Congressmen as well as high officers of the Government, and at an early day of the extra session of Congress, will, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, introduce a series of bills, proposing,

First—To legalize executive action concerning the present difficulties or warlike preparations.

Second—Giving the sanction of law to the plan announced for a permanent increase of the army.

Third—Retiring infirm and disabled army officers.

Fourth—To organize from the militia a hundred regiments as a national guard, to be all clothed and armed alike.

Fifth—To increase the number of cadets to the extent of sixty-eight, and authorize the President to fill the vacancies unoccupied, by election or otherwise, in that institution.

Besides, it is designed to recommend an appropriation of two hundred millions of dollars to carry the defensive measures into effect.

It is understood that the Secretary of the Treasury will recommend receiving $250,000,000, and has three plans, one by a popular loan, another by a foreign loan, and the other the issue of small Treasury notes.

It is understood that the President's Message, to be delivered at the extra session, will take firm ground against the conclusion of any peace with the rebels, until they acknowledge the authority of the Government. The outrageous conduct of the Virginia Rebel Convention, outlawing any citizen of the State who may take his seat in the Federal Congress, determines the policy of the Government to sanction severe measures against the ringleaders of the rebellion.

The President has recognized the validity of the proceedings of the Wheeling Convention, by sending an official notice to Gov. Pierpont of the number of Congressmen to which the State is entitled under the new apportionment.

The Adams Express Company were notified by the War Department, late in May, that it was intended to stop letter communication to the seceded States. Orders were immediately given at all their offices to cease receiving letters. It soon appeared that the only result of this movement was to start up numerous letter expresses of a character not easily reached by the authorities, and it was considered preferable to permit private business letters to be forwarded through a responsible channel, which could be supervised by the Government.

The recent neutrality arrangements between Gen. Buckner, of Kentucky, and Gen. McClelland, in which it was represented that an agreement was entered into by which neither Federal or Rebel troops were to occupy the soil of that State during the present war, turns out to be quite a different matter. The War Department is informed by Gen. McClelland, that he never entered into any such arrangements, and that he and Gen. Buckner merely had an informal conversation on that point, the latter stating that he would see that all Rebel troops were removed from Kentucky without the interference of Federal troops,—McClelland at no time pledging that no Federal troops should enter the State.

The Russian Minister had a protracted interview with the Secretary of State on the 25th ult., and it was noticed that there was great activity in that department. The attitude of European powers is still the subject of careful watchfulness by our Government. Our Government has demanded of the Prussian Minister that the Prussian Consul at Charleston, who recently left Boston with dispatches from Jeff. Davis to his Commissioners in Europe, shall be withdrawn. This demand, it is understood, will be complied with. It is stated that all the dispatches to and from the South that go to Europe are sent thro' the Foreign Legations.

Senators Andrew Johnson and Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, have met with most gratifying encouragement at the War Office. They have been positively assured that the Union men in East Tennessee, and wherever else in the State they may require assistance, shall be sustained by the strong arm of the Government, and an order has been issued, including Tennessee in the District under command of Brigadier General Anderson.

[We give the annexed statements relative to the plans of Gen. Scott, with considerable doubtinge. They may be all right, but we think Gen. S. knows best what are his purposes, and we believe, furthermore, that he is not in the habit of telling all he knows to newspaper reporters. We publish the matter merely because it is part of the current news of the day.—ED.]

The reports that there has been a change in the plans of Gen. Scott, and his purpose is now to commence active operations against the rebels, are erroneous. From an authentic source I learn that the general outlines of his plan of the campaign—unless something should transpire to hasten events—are further than ever removed from battle. Gen. Scott has no purpose of risking a general engagement. The only conflicts between our troops and the rebels which are likely to transpire for some time to come, are the skirmishes that proceed from the scouting parties of the two forces encountering one another.

The first step in Gen. Scott's programme is the concentrating of Federal troops in Virginia and the other Border States, in such large bodies as to make it madness for the rebels to attack them. While thus intimidating them, the presence of our forces will encourage the loyal citizens to rise in sufficient numbers to prevent any further outrages,—to cut off their resources, increase the dissatisfaction in their camp, and cause desertion, and by thus harrassing them ultimately demoralize the rebel forces, and drive them from the Border States. He is confident that if this is accomplished, the loyalty of the Border States is fixed.

Then it is his purpose to transmit by sea an immense force to operate against the Gulf States. They will be landed under the protection of men-of-war at the prominent points on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Thus threatened by both land and sea, the authorities of the different States will at once recall their troops from the main body, and thus break up their grand army, and make it powerless for any offensive movement. The fragments in the different States being then cut off from supplies from the Border States, they will be driven to accept terms from Washington.

It is no part of the plan, as at present arranged, to attack the debris of the rebel army, or to attempt to retake any of the stolen forts, as the restoration of these will be made one of the conditions dictated to the rebels when they find themselves forced to accept terms.

Gen. Scott is confident that the troops will not be compelled to remain at any point more than two or three days, which will suffice to accomplish the purpose of defeating any further offensive movements of the rebels. This will avoid the danger of an exposure to the malaria of the South coast during the hot months. By the 4th of January he thinks the rebellion will be entirely defeated, and the Union re-constructed.

The Government can now concentrate about 70,000 men in this city in three hours.

The Secretary of War's report shows that there are 300,000 men in the field.

England has shown no disposition to second our Government's proposition of accepting the Paris Conference in reference to privateers, and this fact, in connection with important movements in Canada and naval movements on our coast, make her secret designs apparent.

It is understood that instructions have been forwarded to our naval squadron, to allow no interference whatever in our blockade under any pretext, and vigilant watch will be kept as to British movements.

The financial propositions of the Treasury Department to be submitted to Congress are three in number.

First—A national loan at 7 31-100 per cent., redeemable in three years, not convertable into bonds, nor receivable for Government dues.

Second—Foreign loan at interest at 6 35-100 per cent.

Third—The issue of Treasury notes of small denomination at interest of 3 31-100 per cent., convertable and receivable, to circulate as currency.

Mr. Chase will also recommend a special tax on tea, coffee and sugar, the money to be pledged for the interest of the Government debts.

THE NEW CONGRESS.

As the Thirty-seventh Congress has convened under peculiar circumstances, we give a list of the members who are expected to take part in its deliberations, omitting the seceding States, which will not be represented.

In the Senate but forty-six members are left since the withdrawal of the rebel senators. Of this number thirty-two are Republicans. We have included in the Senate list the names of Senator Nicholson, of Tennessee, and Senators Polk and Johnson, of Missouri, but it is quite possible that these gentlemen will not appear. In the event of their absence the Senate will stand thirty-two Republicans to eleven Democrats.

The number of members of the House of Representatives is reduced from two hundred and thirty-seven to one hundred and eighty. Of these, one hundred and three are Republicans, with one district in Pennsylvania and two in California to hear from.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

[Republicans in Roman, Democrats in *Italic*, Americans in SMALL CAPS, re-elected members marked with an asterisk.]

Milton S. Latham,	CALIFORNIA.	*Jas. A. McDougal,*
James Dixon,	CONNECTICUT.	Lafayette S. Foster.
James A. Bayard,	DELAWARE.	*William Saulsbury.*
O. H. Browning,	ILLINOIS.	Lyman Trumbull.
Jesse D. Bright,	INDIANA.	Henry S. Lane.
James W. Grimes,	IOWA.	James Harlan.
James H. Lane,	KANSAS.	S. C. Pomeroy.
Lazarus W. Powell,	KENTUCKY.	*John C. Breckinridge.*
Lot M. Morrill,	MAINE.	William Pitt Fessenden.
ANTHONY KENNEDY,	MARYLAND.	*James A. Pearce.*
Charles Sumner,	MASSACHUSETTS.	Henry Wilson.
Henry M. Rice,	MINNESOTA.	Morton S. Wilkinson.
Trusten Polk.	MISSOURI.	*Waldo P. Johnson.*
John P. Hale,	NEW HAMPSHIRE.	Daniel Clark.
John R. Thompson,	NEW JERSEY.	John C. Ten Eyck.
Preston King,	NEW YORK.	Ira Harris.
Benjamin F. Wade,	OHIO.	John Sherman.
Edward D. Baker,	OREGON.	George W. Nesmith.
David Wilmot,	PENNSYLVANIA.	Edgar Cowan.
James F. Simmons,	RHODE ISLAND.	Henry B. Anthony.
Andrew Johnson,	TENNESSEE.	*A. O. P. Nicholson.*
Solomon Foot,	VERMONT.	Jacob Collamer.
James R. Doolittle,	WISCONSIN.	Timothy Howe.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

CALIFORNIA.
[2 Members to be elected.]

CONNECTICUT.
1 Dwight Loomis.*
2 *James E. English.*
3 Alfred A. Burnham.*
4 *George C. Woodruff.*

DELAWARE.
Geo. P. Fisher, (People's.)

ILLINOIS.
1 Elihu B. Washburn.*
2 Isaac N. Arnold.
3 Owen Lovejoy.*
4 William Kellogg.*
5 *Wm. A. Richardson.*
6 *John A. McClernand.**
7 *James C. Robinson.**
8 *Philip B. Fouke.*
9 *John A. Logan.**

INDIANA.
1 *John Law.*
2 *James A. Cravens.*
3 Wm. M. Dunn.*
4 *Wm. S. Holman.**
5 George W. Julian.
6 Albert G. Porter.*
7 *Daniel W. Voorhees.*
8 Albert S. White.
9 Schuyler Colfax.*
10 Wm. Mitchell.
11 J. P. C. Shanks.

IOWA.
1 Samuel R. Curtiss.*
2 Wm. Vandever.*

KANSAS.
Martin F. Conway.*

KENTUCKY.
1 *Henry C. Burnett* (State Rights.)*
2 James S. Jackson (Union.)
3 Henry Grider (Union.)
4 Aaron Harding (Union.)
5 Charles A. Wicliffe (Un.)
6 George W. Dunlap (Un.)
7 Robert Mallory (Union.)*
8 John J. Crittenden (Un.)
9 William H. Wadsworth (Union.)
10 John W. Menzies (Un.)

MAINE.
1 John N. Goodwin.
2 Charles W. Walton.
3 Samuel C. Fessenden.
4 Anson P. Morrill.
5 John H. Rice.
6 Frederick A. Pike.

MARYLAND.
1 John W. Crisfield (Un.)
2 Edwin H. Webster (Un.)*
3 C. L. L. Leary (Union.)
4 Henry May (Fusion.)*
5 Francis Thomas (Un.)
6 Charles B. Calvert (Un.)

MASSACHUSETTS.
1 Thomas D. Eliot.*
2 James Buffington.*
3 Benjamin F. Thomas.
4 Alexander H. Rice.*
5 Wm. Appleton (Fusion.)
6 John B. Alley.*
7 Daniel W. Gooch.*
8 Charles R. Train.*
9 Goldsmith F. Bailey.
10 Charles Delano.*
11 Henry L. Dawes.*

MICHIGAN.
1 Bradley F. Granger.
2 Fernando C. Beaman.
3 Francis W. Kellogg.*
4 Rowland E. Trowbridge.

MINNESOTA.
1 Cyrus Aldrich.*
2 Wm. Windom.*

MISSOURI.
1 Francis P. Blair, Jr.*
2 JAMES ROLLINS.
3 *John B. Clark.*
4 *Elijah H. Norton.*
5 *John W. Reid.*
6 *John S. Phelps.**
7 *John W. Noell.**

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
1 Gilman Marston.*
2 Edward H. Rollins.
3 Thomas M. Edwards.*

NEW JERSEY.
1 John T. Nixon.*
2 John L. N. Stratton.*
3 *Wm. G. Steele.*
4 *George T. Cobb.*
5 *Nehemiah Perry.*

NEW-YORK.
1 *E. Henry Smith.*
2 *Moses F. Odell.*
3 *Benjamin Wood.*
4 *James E. Kerrigan.*
5 William Wall.
6 Frederick A. Conklin.
7 *Elijah Ward.*
8 *Isaac C. Delaplaine.*
9 *Edward Haight.*
10 Charles H. Van Wyck.*
11 *John B. Steele.*
12 Stephen Baker.
13 Abraham B. Olin.*
14 *Erastus Corning.*
15 James B. McKean.*
16 William A. Wheeler.
17 Socrates N. Sherman.
18 *Chauncey Vibbard.*
19 Richard Franchot.
20 Roscoe Conkling.*
21 R. Holland Duell.*
22 William E. Lansing.
23 Ambrose W. Clark.
24 Charles B. Sedgwick.
25 Theodore M. Pomeroy.
26 John P. Chamberlain.
27 Alexander S. Diven.
28 R. B. Van Valkenburgh.
29 Alfred Ely.*
30 Augustus Frank.*
31 Burt Van Horn.
32 Elbridge G. Spaulding.*
33 Reuben E. Fenton.

OHIO.
1 *George H. Pendleton.**
2 John A. Gurley.*
3 *C. L. Vallandingham.**
4 *William Allen.**
5 James M. Ashley.*
6 *Chilton A. White.*
7 —— Harrison.
8 Samuel Shellaberger.
9 *William E. Noble.*
10 Cary A Trimble.*
11 Valentine B. Horton.
12 *Samuel S. Cox.**
13 Samuel T. Worcester.
14 Harrison G. Blake.*
15 *George Nugent.*
16 William P. Cutler.
17 *James R. Morris.*
18 Sidney Edgerton.*
19 Albert G. Riddle.
20 John Hutchins.*
21 John A. Bingham.*

OREGON.
James Shiel.

PENNSYLVANIA.
1 *William E. Lehman.*
2 (Member to be elected.)
3 John P. Verree.*
4 William D. Kelley.
5 W. Morris Davis.
6 John Hickman.
7 *Thomas B. Cooper.*
8 *Samuel E. Ancona.*
9 Thaddeus Stevens.*
10 John M. Killinger.*
11 James H. Campbell.*
12 *Hendrick B. Wright.*
13 *Philip Johnson.*
14 Galusha A. Grow.*
15 James T. Hale.*
16 *Joseph Bailey.*
17 Edward McPherson.*
18 Samuel S. Blair.*
19 John Covode.*
20 *Jesse Lazear.*
21 James K. Moorhead.*
22 Robert McKnight.*
23 John W. Wallace.
24 John Patton.
25 Elijah Babbitt.

RHODE ISLAND.
1 *Wm. P. Sheffield.*
2 *George H. Browne.*

VERMONT.
1 Ezekiel P. Walton.*
2 Justin S. Morrill.*
3 Portus Baxter.

WISCONSIN.
1 John F. Potter.*
2 Luther Hanchett.
3 A. Scott Sloan.

The News Condenser.

— The tel-lie-graph is still at work.

— The French army have returned from Syria.

— The Queen of Spain has given birth to a Princess.

— An artesian well is being bored at Fortress Monroe.

— Large quantities of ice are this year floating in the Atlantic.

— The British squadron in American waters will consist of 82 vessels.

— The electric telegraph is being extended over Siberia to the Pacific.

— The German population of London is now computed at about 60,000.

— There was a terrible tornado in Champaign Co., Ill., on the 19th ult.

— An effort is making by the English clergy to abolish Sunday funerals.

— New York has 38 volunteer regiments and 10 or 15 militia regiments in the field.

— Hon. John A. Gurley has been authorized to raise six regiments in Cincinnati.

— Blondin, of Niagara celebrity, has been engaged by the Crystal Palace company.

— Gov. Jackson, of Missouri, was last reported as traveling disguised in female apparel.

— Palmer is engaged on a full-length statue of "Peace," to be exhibited after the war.

— James Russell Lowell has withdrawn from the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly.

— A rebellion in Liberia has been promtly suppressed by the President of that Republic.

— The total amount raised through the country for the relief of Kansas was $104,681.37.

— The war in this country is producing much depression in the hardware trade of England.

— A court of inquiry has been very properly ordered in relation to the Great Bethel blunder.

— The Maine War State Loan was all taken at a premium, and the offers were largely in excess.

— The Portuguese Government is patronizing the culture of cotton in its African dependencies.

— The Great Eastern has been chartered by the British Government to carry troops to Quebec.

— The infallible London Times locates Fortress Monroe on Governor's Island, in New York harbor.

— A Pennsylvania regiment have presented to Gen. Scott a magnificent horse, which cost $2,300.

— The net profits of the New Hampshire State Prison during the last year have been $2,958.76.

— No attempt has been made to blow up the Long Bridge at Washington, as the telegraph reported.

— The total sum raised for the various schemes of the Free Church of Scotland last year was £329,283.

— All the ferries running from New York annually carry in the neighborhood of 45,000,000 passengers.

— The shipments of grain from Milwaukee, last week, including flour, were over one million bushels.

— Buckley's New York Serenaders are performing at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, with much success.

— The census of Missouri shows that State to have 1,407,-536 whites, 113,183 slaves, and 3,002 free negroes.

— The herring fisheries of Norway produced last year 700,000 tuns. These fisheries employ 22,781 men.

— The Cincinnati Enquirer says the arrivals of Southerners at the hotels of that city are now unusually large.

— Last year the Union (Brooklyn) Ferry Companies carried on their boats nearly 26,000,000 of passengers.

— The export trade of England for the last year was £136,-000,000, against £130,000,000 for the previous year.

— The practice of smoking in Great Britain entails an expenditure of no less a sum than eight millions sterling.

— An official return shows that in the last fifteen years 3,504,062 persons have emigrated from the United Kingdom.

— The British Government is going to raise a loan of $20,000,000 to build railroads and other public works in India.

— There are eighty-three Prussian officers who have received leave of absence for one year, so as to serve in the war.

— The army worm in Kentucky has entirely disappeared, but it has left sad traces of its progress upon some of the fields.

— The State authorities of Massachusetts have ordered four thousand Havelocks for the use of the troops of that State.

— It is said that since the commencement of the war the Camden and Amboy railroad has transported over 24,000 troops.

— The annual number of deaths in France, where the age of the diseased was 100 years and upward, has been found to be 148.

— Eight hundred of the foreign population of Aukland, New Zealand, were butchered by the hostile natives in January last.

— Victoria's daughter cannot make love or get married without the affair being discussed in Parliament, like the tax on molasses.

— The statement that Gen. Harney and his family are in Philadelphia was a mistake. The General is living privately in St. Louis.

— The English journals announce the death, at Helsingford, Finland, of a man who was one hundred and thirty-two years of age.

— The oyster crop in the vicinity of Perth Amboy, N. J., which has failed for a number of years past, will this season be very large.

— India rubber has been put to a new and curious use in making cards, which cannot be defaced easily, and are almost indestructible.

— Twins a la Siam were born in Paris a few weeks since, united at the abdomen. One lived two hours, the other gave no signs of life.

— A great Manchester (England) house states they will supply "elastic steel shirt-collars, wristbands, and fronts, enamelled white."

— There are 334 beet root sugar manufactories in full activity in France. The amount manufactured last year was 97,000,000 kilos.

— The Courier and Enquirer predicts that in less than two months, Lord John Russell will declare the Southern privateers to be pirates.

— Seventy persons were not long since shot at Kason, in Russia, for having engaged in an insurrection occasioned by a religious imposter.

— One hundred thousand Tartars have emigrated into Turkey within the past year. They are to be relieved from taxation for ten years.

— The hotels at Saratoga are now in the full tide of successful operation. The number of arrivals thus early fully equals those of previous years.

— The steamer Bremen brought from Europe five hundred cases of rifles and other arms, supposed to be part of Colonel Fremont's consignment.

— Within six weeks, John Abbott, of Candia, Mass., has buried his entire family—seven children and one grandchild —all victims of diptheria.

— Senator Douglas was a Royal Arch Mason. It is proposed that the members of the fraternity make an exclusive subscription for his family.

— The New York Fire Zouaves, encamped near Alexandria, have been running a mill, where they found a large quantity of wheat. They are good millers.

— The U. S. Marshal at Springfield, Ill., seized 100,000 percussion caps sent to that city by a house in New York, supposed to be intended for the rebels.

— The N. Y. Spirit of the Times, the oldest sporting paper in the country, has suspended publication. It had a large circulation at the South, which is entirely cut off.

The Publisher to the Public.

Terms of Moore's Rural New-Yorker,
IN ADVANCE:

Single Copy, One Year,	**$2**
Three Copies, "	**$5**
Six " and One free to Club Agent,	**$10**
Ten " " " "	**$15**
Fifteen " " " "	**$21**
Twenty " " " "	**$25**

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1.25 per copy!—with an extra free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Twenty. Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired.

—Half-Yearly Subscriptions at same proportional rates as for a whole year, with free copies, &c., for the term.

☞ Western and Southern Money.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural New-Yorker, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

The Second Half of the Twelfth Volume of Rural New-Yorker commences July 6th. Now, therefore, is the time for renewals, and for new subscriptions, whether club or single. Additions to clubs are also in order, at club rates. Agents and Subscribers—and indeed all who are friendly to the Rural—are frankly asked to aid in extending our circulation so far as consistent. In return, we promise our best efforts to render the paper as interesting and valuable as possible—to spare no reasonable effort or expenditure to fully maintain, if not augment, its position as *the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, July 1, 1861.

Flour—There has been a falling off in rates during the week equal to 25 cents per barrel on all brands. Indian Meal has declined 18@25 cents per 100 pounds.

Grain—The only change noted is in Corn, which is dull at a reduction of 2@4 cts per bushel on the current prices of our last report.

Provisions—Pork is still coming down. Mess will not sell for more than $16,00 per barrel. Shoulders have lost 50 cents per 100 pounds.

Wool—There is but very little offered in our market and the sales of small lots range from 18 to 23 cts. per pound.

Hay has met with a decline of $1.00 per tun.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.00@6.50	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do.	4.50@5.00	Candles, box	10½@11c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	90@90c	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1.10@1.25	Apples, bushel	50@75c
Best white Canada	1.38@1.38	Apples, dried ℔ lb	2@2½c
Corn, old	36@38c	Peaches, do.	12@12c
Corn, new	36@38c	Cherries, do.	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs ℔ bush	50@50c	Plums, do.	00@8c
Oats, by weight	23@25c	Potatoes	25@38c
Barley	50@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	3½@4c
Beans	1.00@1.25	Calf	6@7c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	50@1.50
Pork, Mess	$16.00@16.00	Lamb Pelts	25@31c
Pork, clear	20.00@20.00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.50	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@6.00	Timothy	2.50@3.00
Spring lambs, each	1.50@2.00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@6½c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@9c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	6@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	5.75@6.00
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	5.75@6.00
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.75@6.00
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.40@1.45
Butter, roll	10@11c	Hay, tun	8.00@11.00
Butter, firkin	9@10c	Straw, tun	0.00@0.00
Cheese	6@7c	Wool, ℔ lb	18@25c
Lard, tried	9½@9½c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.25@3.50
Tallow, rough	5@5½c	Codfish, quintal	3.50@4.00
Tallow, tried	7½@8c	Trout, half bbl	3.25@3.50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 1.—Flour—Market rules heavy and 5c lower, with a moderate demand for export and home consumption at the decline. Sales at $4,00@4,10 for superfine State; $4,00@4,60 for extra do; $3,95@4,25 for superfine Western; $4,25@4,75 for common to medium extra do; $4,90@5,00 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,10@6,50 for trade brands do,—market closing dull and heavy. Canadian flour more active, but the market still continues heavy. Sales at $4,45@6,75 for common to good extra, and $7,00@7,25 for choice and favorite do. Rye flour rules lower, with small sales at $2,85@3,90. Corn meal dull with sales at $3,00@3,10 for Brandywine and $4,00 for caloric.

Grain.—Wheat 1@2c lower, with a moderate business doing for export, the market closing rather more steady. Sales Chicago spring at 85@92c; Northwestern club at 93@95c; Racine spring at 95c@1,00; common to prime Milwaukee club at 80c@1,00; amber Iowa at $1,00@1,03, including one parcel at $1,05, which is above the market; winter red Western at $1,09@1,12½; white Canada at $1,15, and white Western at $1,19@1,23. Rye quiet and firm, with sales at 66c for Canada, and 68c for State. Barley continues heavy and dull, nominally at 55@62c. Barley malt remains unchanged. Peas remain quiet and nominal at 68c for Canadian. Corn scarcely so firm, with only a moderate business doing for export and home consumption; sales at 40@46c for unsound new mixed Western; 46@50c for sound Western; and 50@52c for yellow Western. Oats heavy, with sales at 27@30c for Western and Canadian, and 30@31c for State.

Provisions—Pork more active and prices firmer; sales at $14,62@15,00 for mess; $9,75@10,00 for prime. Beef remains dull; sales trifling at $4@4,50 for country prime; $5,50@6,00 for country mess; $8@10 for re-packed mess; and $10@11 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged at $17@18. Beef hams in moderate request, with small sales at $14 for Western, and $12,75 for State. Cut meats continue quiet at 4¼@5¼c for Shoulders, and 6¼@6½c for Hams. Smoked meats are nominal at 9½@10½ for Hams; 7@8c for Shoulders, and 9½c for sides. Bacon quiet and prices nominally unchanged. Lard quiet, and prices a shade easier; sales trifling at 8@9½c for No. 1 to choice Western. Butter is selling at 7@12½c for Ohio, and 7½@15c for State. Cheese steady and quiet, and selling at 2@7c for inferior to prime.

Ashes—Pot, with moderate receipts and good demand, have further advanced, with sales at $5,50@5,56¼. Last sale of Pearls at $5,62½.

Hops—The Foreign accounts continue favorable for holders, and the market is very firm, with rather more activity, in part for export; the stock of desirable grades is now small. The sales are about 250 bales at 15@25c, cash, as to quality, including 100 bales for export, on private terms. Old growths are flat.

ALBANY, June 29.—Flour and Meal—There is no new feature to note in Flour, the demand is moderate for the supply of the home trade at unchanged prices.

Common to good State	$4.25@4.50
Fancy and extra State	4.60@4.70
Common to good Western	4.25@4.75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5.00@7.00
Extra Ohio	5.00@7.00
Common Canadian	4.50@4.75
Extra Canadian	5.00@7.00
Fancy Genesee	6.25@6.75
Extra Genesee and city brands	6.25@7.50

Corn meal is steady with sales to a moderate extent at $1,00@1,12½ ℔ 100 lbs.

Grain—In Wheat there is nothing doing. Corn steady and in moderate request with sales Western mixed at 45c. Rye and Barley quiet. Oats steady with sales Western at 29c.

Feed—The supply and demand are alike limited and the market rules in favor of the buyer. We quote coarse at 38@52c, second quality 42½@50c, and middlings 60@70c.

BUFFALO, June 29.—Flour—Demand moderate and confined for the most part to the immediate wants of the home and interior trade. Sales at $3,62½@3,87½ for fair to choice extra Wisconsin; $3,75@4,00 for double extra do.; $5@5,25 for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,37½@6,00 for double extras.

Grain—Wheat market dull and heavy; sales, yesterday afternoon Chicago spring at 62½@70c. This morning Milwaukee club at 72c, and choice amber Wisconsin at 76½c. Corn dull, prices favoring buyers; sales yesterday afternoon at 34½c; this morning 34c; heated at 26c.—an extra sample of yellow, at 36½. Oats nominal at 22c. Barley dull and no sales. Rye in good demand and market steady; sales, this morning, Illinois at 40@41c, and choice Wisconsin at 44c.

Provisions—Dull and nothing doing in any variety.

TORONTO, June 29.—Flour—Little can be said in respect to this article, except that shipping to a considerable extent has been going on to Liverpool by New York during the week, and that the stocks of old flour has been considerably reduced thereby. The stocks of Superiors held here are low, and is the only grade which has any activity. Extras are more plenty, but like Fancies are very dull of sale. Fresh ground does not come forward freely, as millers appear disheartened at the result of their winter's operations. Our quotations not being based on actual sales, are purely nominal. We therefore give the selling and buying prices:

Superior Extra	$5.75@6.25
Extra	5.15@5.40
Fancy	4.75@5.00
No. One	3.75@4.15
No. Two	3.50@3.60

Grain—Fall Wheat; the business of the week has ruled dull in the absence of receipts and the limitation in the demand.—Prices ruled pretty uniform the first four days, but yesterday the outside price paid for prime samples was $1.08, and, in one or two cases, $1,10. Ordinary to common grades may be quoted at 93c@$1. Spring Wheat has somewhat recovered from the extreme dullness, and a little more enquired for to complete cargoes. As much as 93c was offered for a cargo of fair sample on Friday, and, though no transaction occurred, yet we believe the holder would not refuse it to-day, as the New York market has been daily on the decline from 1@2c. The prices paid on the market range from 78@82c. Barley can scarcely be quoted, owing to the smallness of the supply. Prices are therefore unchanged. Oats have a fair local demand and continue steady at 24@26c. They are, however, slow sale even at these quotations. Peas are also in limited supply and are unchanged in price, ranging from 40@41c.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 26.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt	$8.25@8.50
Ordinary quality	7.75@8.00
Common quality	7.25@7.50
Inferior quality	6.50@7.00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50.00@55.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@50.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	22.00@28.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	5 @5½c
Ordinary quality	4½@5 c
Common quality	4 @4½c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$4.75@5.00
Ordinary quality	4.00@4.50
Common quality	3.25@3.75
Inferior quality	2.50@3.00
SWINE.	
First quality, ℔ lb	4½@4¾c
Other qualities	3½@3¾c

BRIGHTON, June 27.—At market 1,100 Beeves, 93 Stores 1,600 Sheep and Lambs, and 4,000 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6.75; first quality, $6.50; second do, $4.00.

Milch Cows—$41@47; common, $18@19.
Working Oxen—None.
Veal Calves—$3, $4@5.
Yearlings—None; two years old, none; three years old, $18@19 each.
Hides—4½@5c. Tallow, 6c.
Calf Skins—8@9c.
Sheep and Lambs—$1.25@1.60; extra and selections, $2, $3, $4@4.50.
Pelts—$1.00@1.25.
Swine—Stores, wholesale 5½@6¼c; retail, 7@8c; fat hogs, still fed, none; corn fed, none; spring pigs, 8¼, 10@12c.

CAMBRIDGE, June 26.—At market 382 Cattle, 350 Beeves, and 32 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6.50@6.75; first quality, $6.25; second do, $5.50@5.75; third do, $4.50.
Working Oxen—$90@130.
Cows and Calves—$31@60.
Stores—Yearlings, none; Two years old, none; Three years old, none.
Sheep and Lambs—1,685 at market. Prices in lots at $1.50@2.00 each; extra and selections $2.75@4.50, or 3@4c ℔ lb. Spring lambs $2@4.
Hides—4½@5c ℔ lb. Tallow, 6@6c.
Pelts—25c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ℔ lb.
Veal Calves—$3@5.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The market has been very dull throughout the week; no important sales have been made, and the tendency of prices is decidedly downward. The usual credits heretofore prevailing in the Trade are no longer granted by importers and dealers; a total want of confidence prevails, and the trade is now conducted on almost a cash basis—limited sales and low prices follow as consequences. We have no particular transactions to report. Advices from the growing districts favor the belief that very low rates will rule for the new clip; as yet prices are not established, but reports are to the effect that fleece will range in value 20 to 40 cents ℔ lb. in the country. It is not likely that the market will be settled for two or three weeks—or say till the second week in July.

American Saxony Fleece ℔ lb	40@45
American full-blood Merino	35@38
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	31@34
Native and one-fourth Merino	28@30
Extra, Pulled	35@38
Superfine, Pulled	31@34
No. 1, Pulled	23@26
Lamb's, Pulled	27@30
California, fine, unwashed	24@33
California, common do.	10@15
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@13
South American Merino, unwashed	25@26
Do. do. Mestiza, do.	16@23
Do. do. common, washed	10@13
Do. do. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
Do. do. Entre Rios, unwashed	9@10
Do. do. Cordova, washed	20½@22
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	25@28
East India, washed	12@25
African, washed	16@28
Do. unwashed	9@18
Smyrna, do.	11@18
Do. washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, June 27.—Wool has been rather active at a considerable decline in prices. Sales of about 300,000 lbs, mostly fleece, at 33@35c ℔ lb; prices rule low for fleece, in some instances at a decline of 5c ℔ lb., on the prices current at the recent auction sale. Some sales of the new clip have been made at 28@30c in Ohio. In foreign the transactions embrace about 500 bales Mediterranean, East Indian, and South American, at various prices, according to quality.

Saxony Fleece	42@45	Pulled No. 1	25@30
Full blood Merino	37@42	Do. No. 2	16@20
Three-fourth do	35@43	Texas	9@40
Half do	33@34	Smyrna, washed	15@26
Common	28@32	Do. unwashed	9@16
Western mixed	20@30	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	38@45	Crimea	7@17
Do. Superfine	30@39	Canada	29@33

Great Auction Sale of Wool.—Last week there was a large Auction sale of Wool in Boston, and we give the result: 10,000 lbs Ohio No. 3 fleece at 33½c; 10,000 do. at 32c; 5,000 lbs Michigan XX fleece at 36c; 5,000 lbs Ohio No. 2 fleece at 33c; 5,-000 lbs Washington Co., Pa., Fancy Clips at 35c; 5,000 lbs New York X fleece at 35c; 7,000 lbs New York No. 2 fleece at 31c; 6,-000 lbs do. No. 1 fleece at 33½c; 7,000 lbs do. X fleece at 34c; 6,-000 lbs do. No. 2 fleece at 34c; 5,000 lbs do. do. at 33½c; 5,000 lbs unwashed fleece at 21½c; 6,000 lbs Michigan No. 1 fleece at 33½c; 4,000 lbs Michigan XX fleece at 36c; 5,000 lbs do. X fleece at 33½c; 6,000 lbs do. do. at 34½c; 3,000 lbs unwashed fleece at 20c; 1,000 do. at 16c; 1,000 lbs Michigan No. 3 fleece at 27c; 4,000 lbs do. No. 2 fleece at 31c. A large quantity remains in store. On 75,000 lbs of the New York wool, 45c was advanced last season. Now the highest price brought for it is 35c for one lot of 5,000 lbs. The Pennsylvania Fancy Clips sold last season for 64c. Now they only bring 35c per pound.

CINCINNATI, June 28.—The market opens slowly and sluggishly. As yet there has been very little done, and quotations are unsettled, being for the most part unreliable. Shearing has been completed and the clip is ready for market. It is a full one. There are no agents in the country from the east, and the business so far transacted is trifling in amount and confined mostly to local dealers. The difficulties in negotiating paper, and the darkness of future prosperity, notwithstanding the comparatively low prices current, are keeping manufacturers out of the market, and so far nothing has been done in anticipation of the wants of consumers. Farmers yield reluctantly to the demands of buyers in the way of prices, and the prospect is that the great bulk of the crop will be held by growers for some time to come. They are not satisfied with prices, and believing that any change in the condition of the market must be in their favor, they are encouraged to hold. The stock of fine wools in the hands of manufacturers being much larger than that of the lower grades, the prices of the former are consequently lower, relatively, than the latter. In the event of a short supply of cotton, however, it is believed that the consumption of fine wools will be heavy. This, however, is in the future, and buyers are governed now by surrounding gloomy prospects, rather than by any theories that can be woven out of speculative suggestions regarding coming events. A limited amount of the new clip has been bought here at prices ranging from 20 to 30c. Extra fine fleece that sold last season at 45 cts. would not now bring over 30c. So far all that has been offered at these figures has been taken, but buyers are quite as cautious in their movements as sellers are reluctant to accept the figures: and as remarked at the outset, the market is unsettled. —*Gazette.*

CHICAGO, June 27.—We clip the following from an article on the Wool Prospects in the Chicago Democrat:—The following table will show the prices of wool in Chicago for the last eight years:

	June.	July.	August.
1853	40@55	35@50	37@45
1854	20@30	23@31	20@30
1855	20@34	25@35	25@35
1856	20@37	20@37	20@37
1857	25@38	25@40	31@42
1858	16@30	18@30	25@34
1859	25@40	25@42	25@42
1860	25½@43	25@45½	25@47

So we see that the average price lowest in any one month in these eight years was 23 cts., while the highest average price was 40 cents. The average price last year was 35 cents. Now, it is very certain that there will be more demand for woolen cloth this year, next year, and probably the year after that, than there has been for some years past. We have an army of 200,000 men, soon to be increased to 300,000 men, in the field, all of whom must be clothed in woolen cloth. This alone would make a forced consumption nearly equal to the ability of our whole wool crop to supply. Then the ordinary uses for wool still continue, and we see no reason why wool should not be higher, instead of lower, than it was in 1860. At all events, farmers can lose nothing by holding on to their wool. It will certainly be no lower, and we have full faith to believe it will be higher. Beware of the speculators, as you will lose nothing. There is very little doing in wool here at this date. The nominal rate is 18@28c, while at this time last year the market was active at 28@42c.

TORONTO, June 29.—Wool is in fair demand and readily brings our last week's quotation of 25c ℔ lb.—*Globe.*

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—Thirty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. Special Notices, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

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This Cut represents the Apparatus as peculiarly adapted to Cooking large quantities of Food at a time, and also for Scalding Hogs, and Heating Water for all purposes. It is indispensable in any well regulated Hog Pen or Farm House, as it will save and convert all coarse or refuse fodder, grain, or vegetable substance into Pork or Beef, as may be, thereby Saving Millions of Dollars.

PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL CALDRON & STEAMER, For Cooking Food for Stock and for all other Domestic purposes where a Caldron Kettle or Steam Boiler is required.

Good reliable Agents wanted, to canvass every County in this State for the sale of the above Steam Caldron, for which a liberal commission will be allowed. Terms of Agency can be obtained by letter inclosing postage stamp, and Illustrated Circulars sent if requested.
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What Practical Farmers Say.

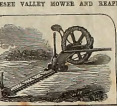
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Board, Washing, Bed and Bedding, Doctor's Fees and Medicines, and Tuition in the English Course	$135 00	per annum
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☞ All work warranted of first quality.
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Observatory, Isle Jesus, C. E., March 19, 1861.

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This valuable improvement possesses many important advantages over all other Forks, among which are the following:—The tines being allowed to drop to discharge its load, the tilting of the handle, as in other forks, is avoided; hence, hay can be unloaded with the utmost facility and ease into shed windows or beneath purline beams, and other places where other Horse Forks cannot be used. It can in all cases be managed with greater ease than any other Horse Fork. It is equally adapted to stacking. With this Fork a ton of hay may be unloaded in from five to seven minutes.
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OUR NATIONAL ODE—"HAIL COLUMBIA."

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our shield,
Rise Liberty! whate'er it dost,
Firm, peaceful for the prize,
Let us have race, or have we will,
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your share;
Let us rally, be, with inspiring heart,
Let us rule for, with inspiring hand,
Hands the duties ne'er moved fast
Let us have race, or have we will,
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But firm'd to virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in despair,
And glorious conquered Columbia's lay,
His steady mind, from danger free,
Sustain'd us both in victory.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Sound, Sound, the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and steddie power,
He govern'd in the hateful hour
Of hatred wars, and guides with care
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

ADOPTED JULY 4, 1776.

WHEN, in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such a government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions from within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments;

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts,

burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved, and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND;

OR, WASHINGTON AMONG THE FOES.

"It must be, my child," said the poor widow wiping away the tears which trickled down her pale cheeks. It was early one morning, and she was sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and little brother starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone, they'll better. Go Henry, my dear, I grieve to send you so much in errand."

The boy, a noble looking little fellow of about ten years, started up, and throwing his large second his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not bear the groan of anguish that was uttered by that patient mother, as the door closed behind him; and it was well he did not, for his little heart was ready to burst without it. It was a long street of Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk, he looked first to one person and then to another, as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to muster courage to beg. Tears were rushing fast down his cheeks, but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor to be miserable to cry.

Everybody seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a morning walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three cornered hat, and had a face that was as mild as an angel. Somehow, when Henry looked at him he felt as if he could speak to such a man, and there was such an air about him as would have made any one feel sure of help in his troubles, but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped, and his kind looks called with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the tears which had spread over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tone which accompanied his petition.

"Yes do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg for bread," said he, kindly, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "what has driven you to this step?"

"Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "indeed, I was not born in this condition. But the misfortune of my father, and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to the necessity now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this city, but he became a bankrupt for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live after his loss, and in one month died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any of our trouble. My mother, my little brother, and myself, sunk into the lowest depth of poverty. My mother has, until now, managed to support herself and my little brother by her labor; and I have earned what I could by shoveling snow and other work that I could find to do. But night before last, mother was taken very sick, and she talked about her wood, so that's here the town moved faster than ever,—that I for fear she will die. I fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she had come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. Oh sir, do you pity my mother." The tone, and the simple moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations. "Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice. "Is it far from here?"

"She lives in the last house on the street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side."

"Have you sent for a physician?"

"No, sir," said the boy, sorrowfully shaking his head. "I have no money to pay for a physician, or for medicine."

"Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, "here are some dollars, take them and run immediately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inarticulate voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude he vanished. The benevolent stranger hastily sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room in which he could see nothing but a few implements of feeble labor—a miserable table, and an old bureau, and a little bed in which the lovelily lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted, and on the bed at her feet sat a little boy crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at the sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the lovelily and beginning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "Oh, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows, but even death is dreadful to me, for it wakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged, if—" Here emotion checked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretending physician spoke cheerfully to her and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

"Do not despair," said the stranger, "of recovering, and of preserving a life so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hands of the child who sat on the bed with her, and tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no ether," said she, "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and departed. Scarcely was he gone when the oldest son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will soon be rich for several days. He has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, dear mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good, and he will watch over you in all your paths!" A physician has just been here. He was a stranger to me, and he came with a compassion and kindness that were a balm to my troubled soul. When he went away he laid money on the table, see if you can find it."

Henry looked at the paper and started back; he took it up, and as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonderful astonishment escaped him.

"What is it my son?" exclaimed the widow, trembling with an apprehension of she know not what.

"Oh, mother, mother!" said the boy, "see here!"

The mother took the paper from the hands of her son, and read the answer that was written on it. "Is this, "My God!" she exclaimed, "it is Washington!"

"Yes, mother," said the boy, "it is he!"

The writing was an obligation—for it was indeed the hand of Washington—to pay the sum of one hundred dollars from his own private property annually.

Henceforth the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her hinding sleep. The joyful news was communicated to the neighbors with which she physician provided her, and a plentiful contribution was made for the widow and her children.

The influence of Washington, who visited them often, was exerted in favor of the widow, and she was furnished her with constant employment, and her children were educated at the proper age, were placed in respectable situations, and by them able to support and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story, remember, that whilst they feel for the misfortunes of others, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and that he was ever ready to aid the hands of the indigent.

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